

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 803.—15 October, 1859.

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## WITHERED FLOWERS.

STRANGE are the memories, O withered flowers!  
That to my heart ye bring in wordless speech;  
Brightly as sunshine falls on distant towers,  
And gilds their outlines—of the past ye teach.

For from my childhood and its sunny pleasures,  
As with a key, ye turn the lock of years,  
Ye lift the lid, and bring forgotten treasures  
Before these eyes that watch the store with tears.

Have ye a mirror in your withered petals,  
Wherein I read the history of my youth,  
That ye give back like glass or polished metals.  
A thousand visions fraught with light and truth?

Again I view my home at quiet even:  
The sparrows hopping on the gabled eaves,  
Windows illumined by the crimson heaven,  
Varnished with joy and framed with quivering leaves.

I seem to hear the murmur of the river,  
As it flows on beneath the arching bridge;  
To see the moonlight with its white-hued shiver,  
Lying in bands upon the pebbly ridge.

And, stranger still, I have the self-same feeling  
That traced the letters of my old romance:  
The glow of love, o'er all around me dealing  
One hue of joy—that old forgotten trance.

A moment since, and some unknown connection  
Gave me a strange reality of bliss:  
I pressed another's hand in dear affection;  
I felt my forehead glow beneath a kiss.

Now—but the light is vanished from my spirit,  
A cloud conceals the splendor of my sky.  
How could I build on mortals who inherit  
The common fate—to live—to love—to die?

For they are dead, those loved ones. Life is  
fleeting,

And steals away the props on which we trust:  
Leaving one only hope of future meeting,  
A stamp for memory, and a heap of dust—

Leaving affections like these withered flowers,  
That we may hold and turn with reverent hands;

And thoughts that picture out the glorious  
bowers,  
Of which these figures are but shadowed  
bands.

—All The Year Round.

## RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Do you remember all the sunny places,  
Where, in bright days long past, we played  
together?

Do you remember all the old home faces,  
That gathered round the hearth in wintry  
weather?

Do you remember all the happy meetings,  
In summer evenings, round the open door—  
Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words, and tender  
greetings,  
And clasping hands, whose pulses beat no more?  
Do you remember them?

Do you remember all the merry laughter,  
The voices round the swing in our old garden;  
The dog, that when we ran still followed after;  
The teasing frolic, sure of speedy pardon?  
We were but children then, young, happy  
creatures,  
And hardly knew how much we had to lose;  
But now the dreamlike memory of those  
features  
Comes back, and bids my darkened spirit muse.  
Do you remember them?

Do you remember when we first departed  
From midst the old companions who were round  
us?

How very soon we grew light-hearted,  
And talked with smiles of all the links which  
bound us?

And after, when our footsteps were returning,  
With unfelt weariness, o'er hill and plain,  
How our young hearts kept boiling up and  
burning

To think how soon we'd be at home again?  
Do you remember this?

Do you remember how the dreams of glory  
Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure;  
How we thought less of being famed in story,  
And more of those to whom our farm gave  
pleasure;

Do you remember in far countries, weeping,  
When a light breeze, a flower, hath brought to  
mind

Old happy thoughts, which till that hour were  
sleeping,

And made us yearn for those we left behind?  
Do you remember this?

Do you remember when no sound woke gladly,  
But desolate echoes thro' our home were ringing,  
How for a while we talked—then paused full  
sadly  
Because our voices bitter thoughts were bring-  
ing?

Ah me! those days, those days! my friend,  
my brother,  
Sit down and let us talk of all our woe,  
For we have nothing left but one another:  
Yet where they went, old playmate, we shall  
go—

Let us remember this!

From The Quarterly Review.

*Popular Music of the Olden Times; a Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England.* By W. Chappell, F.S.A. London, 1859.

To persons who judge social phenomena by standards taken within the limits of their own actual experience, the taste for music that is so conspicuous in modern England seems a remarkable novelty, not altogether compatible with the national character. Scarcely thirty years have elapsed since the normal John Bull was supposed to entertain a manly abhorrence against the sing-song that delighted more frivolous foreigners, and the present generation has not yet forgotten the animadversions of the Chesterfields and Stevensens, who encouraged, in fashionable and literary circles, the want of sympathy with sweet sounds, already to be found in the multitude. But now music is the rage everywhere,—if, indeed, the word “rage” can be applied to a steady predilection, which extends over all classes of the British public, and gives no signs of evanescence. Two opera-houses, and sometimes three, compete with each other for the patronage of those persons who love the dramatic form of the art; nor does the employment of the Italian language diminish the enjoyment of a large mass who would consider themselves very respectable scholars if they possessed a grammatical knowledge of their own tongue. The epicure, who seeks those delicacies less appreciated by the *profanum vulgus*, finds a series of *soirées* and *matinées* sufficient to occupy his mind with instrumental music of the most *recherché* kind for at least three months in every year. The lover of sacred music is content to pass three summer hours in a large, uncomfortable room, as one of a dense crowd that listens to an oratorio by Handel or by Mendelssohn. The humblest connoisseur who frequents music-halls, where smoking and drinking season the pleasure afforded by song, would not be content unless some specimen of a higher class of composition varied the ordinary Irish air and nigger melody. Nor are people content to be hearers only; they want to play themselves and to sing themselves, after another fashion than that of their fathers, who loved what was called a “good song” with a lusty chorus, after the now obsolete supper. The fashionable young gentlemen, who lounge and simper

about drawing-rooms in the London season, are commonly proficient in more than one musical instrument, and often make a respectable figure in part-singing. The masses that constantly flock to receive instruction in the classes of Mr. John Hullah, prove how deeply a desire to become accomplished in music has penetrated the less opulent portion of the community. Music is at present the art that, *par excellence*, is loved and respected by all conditions of Englishmen; and though, of course, the love is in some cases affected, such affectation is only analogous to the proverbial homage paid by vice to virtue in the shape of hypocrisy.

All this looks very odd to people who fancy that the English character is to be tested by the evidence of the last seventy years; but the antiquary, who carries his glance further back, is perfectly aware that the phenomenon, far from being a modern innovation, is the revival of a musical taste that existed in this country for centuries without interruption, and that the anti-musical tendencies which were so highly developed in the last century simply denoted an exceptional state of the British mind. As well might the Frenchman, born during the prevalence of the Revolutionary Calendar, regard the substitution of “1805” for “XIV,” and the transformation of the 10th Nivose into the 31st of December, as the Briton express astonishment at the passion for music manifested in his native island about the middle of the nineteenth century.

The very valuable and copious addition which Mr. W. Chappell has made to the history of popular music—and, we may add, of popular lyrical poetry—in England, expands into a bulky chronicle of facts the simple proposition that this is naturally the most musical of lands. We cannot go back far enough to ascertain when the English love of music began; we must come down to a very modern period before we find it in a lukewarm state.

As for the Welsh, they have notoriously gone harping on from time immemorial, and they have their harp-contests still. So different were the notions of the ancient Cambrian legislators from those of Lord Chesterfield, who allowed his son to pay for fiddlers, provided he did not fiddle himself, that, by the Leges Wallicæ, the possession of a harp and ability to play on it belonged to the essential

attributes of a gentleman. He who was not a gentleman could not own a harp, as he would thus have been unduly exalted; he who was a gentleman, could not be deprived of the instrument on account of debt, as he would thus have been unduly degraded.

Among the Anglo-Saxons, the connection between the harp and the pedigree was equally close. The poet Cædmon, being of lowly origin, was unable to play the noble instrument. On one occasion, when in high company, he was expected to take his turn and accompany his song with tuneful strings; he left the feast, and going out, went home. So says the Venerable Bede: "Surgebat e mediâ cenâ, et egressus ad suam domum repedabat." But this cold narrative of the fact did not satisfy King Alfred, who, in his Saxon paraphrase of "Bede," states the poet's feelings as well as his retreat. "Aras he for sceome" (he rose for shame), said the royal translator, himself a perfect musician for his age.

But we have no need of more anecdotes to show the proficiency of the Anglo-Saxons, as Mr. Chappell's well-attested account of Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, who died in 709, will amply prove:—

"The first specimen of musical notation given by the learned Abbot Gerbert, in his *De Cantu et Musica Sacra, a prima ecclesiæ ætate* (i. 202), is to a poem by St. Aldhelm, in Latin hexameters, in praise of virginity. This was written for the use of Anglo-Saxon nuns. The manuscript from which it is taken is, or was, in the monastery of St. Blaise, in the Black Forest, and Gerbert dates it as of the ninth or tenth century. It contains various poems of St. Aldhelm, all of which are with music, and the *Paschale Carmen* of Sedulius, one of the early Irish Christians, which is without music. Many very early English and Irish manuscripts were, without doubt, taken to Germany by the English and Irish priests, who assisted in converting the Germans to Christianity. St. Boniface, 'the apostle of Germany,' and first Archbishop of Mentz (Mayence), who was killed in the discharge of his duties in the year 755, was an Anglo-Saxon whose name had been changed from Winfred to Boniface by Pope Gregory II. 'Boniface seems always to have had a strong prejudice in favor of the purity of the doctrines of the church of his native country, as they had been handed down by St. Augustine: in points of controversy he sought the opinions of the Anglo-Saxon bishops, even in opposition to those inculcated by the pope;

and he sent for multitudes of Anglo-Saxons, of both sexes, to assist him in his labors.' (*Biog. Brit. Lit. i. 315.*) He placed English nuns over his monastic foundations, and selected his bishops and abbots from among his countrymen. His successor in the Archbishopric was also an Englishman. To revert to St. Aldhelm—Faricius (a foreign monk of Malmesbury), who wrote his life about the year 1100, tells us that he exercised himself daily in playing upon the various musical instruments then in use, whether with strings, pipes, or any other variety by which melody could be produced. The words are, 'Musicæ autem artis omnia instrumenta quæ fidibus vel fistulis aut aliis varietatibus melodice fieri possunt, et memoria tenuit et in cotidiano usus habuit.' (*Faricius, Col. 140, vo.*) The anecdote of Aldhelm's stationing himself on the bridge in the character of a glee-man or minstrel, to arrest the attention of his countrymen who were in the habit of hurrying home from church when the singing was over, instead of waiting for the exhortation, or sermon; and of his singing poetry of a popular character to them in order to induce them gradually to listen to more serious subjects,—was derived by William of Malmesbury from an entry made by King Alfred in his manual or note-book. Aldhelm died in 705, and King Alfred in 901—yet William of Malmesbury, who flourished about 1140, tells us that one of the 'trivial songs' to which Alfred alludes as written by Aldhelm for one of these occasions, was still sung by the common people.\* The literary education of youth, even of the upper classes, in Anglo-Saxon times, was limited to the being taught to commit the songs and literature of their country to memory. Every one of gentle blood was instructed in 'harp and song,' but it was only thought necessary for those who were to be priests or minstrels to be taught to read and write."

Nor were the Danes a whit behind the Saxons. About sixty years after Alfred's

\* "Nativæ quoque lingue non neglegebat carmina; adeo ut, teste libro Elfredi de quo superius dixi, nulla unquam ætate par ei fuit quispiam, poesim Anglicam posse facere, tantum componere, eadem apposite vel canere vel dicere. Denique commemorat Elfridus carmen triviale, quod adhuc vulgo cantatur, Aldhelmus fecisse; adjuvices causam qua probat rationalibiter tantum virum his quæ videntur frivola instituisse: populum eo tempore semi-barbarum, parum divinis sermonibus intentum, statim cantatis missis domos cursitare solitum; ideoque sanctum virum super pontem qui rura et urbem continuat, audentibus se opposuisse obicem, quasi artem cantandi professum. Eo plus quam hoc commento, sensim inter ludicia verbis scripturarum insertis, cives ad sanitatem reduxisse; qui si severe et cum excommunicatione agendum putasset, profecto profecisset nihil."—*Biog. Brit. Lit., i. 315.*



well-known visit to the Danish camp, Anlaf, king of the Danes, retailed the stratagem on King Athelstan, and, though he was discovered in spite of his disguise, this was not on account of any musical short-comings, but through the very unprofessional circumstance that he buried the money which had been given him as a reward. The Norman, Taillefer, who marched in front of the army at the battle of Hastings, gained for himself a broad renown; but the fact is not to be overlooked, that on the evidence of Fordun, the English spent the night before the battle in singing and drinking.

Under the kings who immediately followed the Norman Conquest minstrelsy flourished much—so much, indeed, that the more rigid monks began to be jealous of the honors lavished upon the professors of the seemingly frivolous science. Henry II. and still more notoriously Richard I. were patrons of the kindred arts, poetry and music, and in the reign of John one party of minstrels did such good service, that their posterity retained an honorable name long after minstrelsy in general, fallen from its high estate, had degenerated into a calling for the lowest vagabonds. Ranulph, Earl of Chester, being besieged in his castle of Rothlan, in the year 1212, sent for help to De Lacy, constable of Chester, who making use of the minstrels assembled at Chester fair, brought together a vast number of persons, who, under the conduct of a gallant youth named Dutton, so completely terrified the Welsh besiegers, that the siege was speedily raised. As far down as the reign of Elizabeth, this Timotheus-like use of music was held in such honorable remembrance, that, when minstrelsy was treated by legislators as a vulgar nuisance, only fit to be put down, an exception was made in favor of the Dutton family.

Although the very doubtful tradition that Edward I. extirpated the Welsh bards, and drew down upon his head the imprecations of the wordy old gentleman immortalized by Gray, places him in no favorable relation to the harper's profession, one of the most satisfactory records on the subject of old English minstrelsy refers to an event that occurred during his reign. This is a roll (printed for the Roxburghe Club), containing the names of those who attended the *Cour plenièrre* held by the king at Westminster, and at the New Temple in the Whitsuntide of 1306. The six

chiefs of the minstrels who figured on this occasion were all, like the magnates of the Herald's College, "kings," though by no means equal to each other in rank, for, whereas four of them received an amount equal to about £50 of the present day, the sixth, "Le Roy Druet," was obliged to be content with a pittance of £2. As the importance of minstrels increased, not only did these gifted persons abuse their high privileges, but impostors started up, hoping to share the bounty bestowed upon authorized talent. Both the realities and the "shams" were restrained by a royal decree of 1315, by which it was ordered that none should resort to the houses of prelates, earls, and barons, unless he was a minstrel, and that even of the suitable professors there should not come above three or four minstrels at the most in one day, "unless he be desired of the master of the house." The three or four, we may presume, had a right to play and to feast, whether invited or not, and this privilege seems to have descended, with modifications, to the organ-boys and artists on the hurdy-gurdy, who cause so much indignant letter-writing on the part of newspaper correspondents.

The glory of the minstrel presupposed a predilection for one kind of poetry and music among gentle and simple; consequently as poetry became learned and music became recondite the ancient craftsmen fell into rapid disrepute. Richard Sheale, one of the last of the race, who died in 1574, could not make people believe that he had been robbed of sixty pounds, on Dunsmore Heath. The "chant" in which he describes this calamity, and which may almost be called the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," will show how far less profitable was poetry than retail commerce:—

"After my robbery my memory was so decay'd  
That I could neither sing, nor talk, my wits  
were so dismay'd.  
My audacity was gone, and all my merry talk,  
There are some here have seen me as merry  
as a hawk;  
But now I am so troubled with fancies in my  
mind,  
I cannot play the merry knave, according to  
my kind,  
Yet to take thought, I perceive, is not the next  
way  
To bring me out of debt,—my creditors to  
pay.  
I may well say that I had but evil hap  
For to lose about threescore pounds at a clap.

The loss of my money did not grieve me so  
sore,  
 But the talk of the people did grieve me much  
more.  
 Some said I was not robb'd, I was but a lying  
knave,  
 It was not possible for a minstrel so much  
money to have.  
 Indeed, to say the truth, it is right well known  
 That I never had so much money of my own,  
 But I had friends in London, whose names I  
can declare,  
 That at all times would lend me two hundred  
pounds of ware,  
 And with some again such friendship I found,  
 That they would lend me in money nine or  
ten pound.  
 The occasion why I came in debt I shall make  
relation—  
 My wife, indeed, is a silk-woman, by her oc-  
cupation ;  
 In linen cloths, most chiefly, was her greatest  
trade,  
 And at fairs and markets she sold sale-ware  
that she made,  
 As shirts, smocks, and partlets, head-clothes,  
and other things,  
 As silk thread and edgings, skirts, bands, and  
strings.  
 At Lichfield Market, and Atherston, good cus-  
tomers she found,  
 Also at Tamworth, where I dwell, she took  
many a pound.  
 When I had got my money together, my debts  
to have paid,  
 This sad mischance on me did fall, that can-  
not be deny'd [denied ;]  
 I thought to have paid all my debts and to  
have set me clear,  
 And then what evil did ensue, ye shall here-  
after hear ;  
 Because my carriage should be light I put my  
money into gold,  
 And without company I rode alone—thus was  
I foolish bold ;  
 I thought by reason of my harp no man would  
me suspect,  
 For minstrels oft with money, they be not  
much infect."

The numbers of poor Sheale are not very melodious, but he bears an honorable name, as the reputed preserver of "Chevy Chase."

At the time when the minstrels, who had delighted crowned heads and courts, were degraded into "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," the proficiency of the English in music was a theme of universal commendation. *Britanni, præter alia, formam, musicam et lautas mensas proprie sibi vindicant*, says Erasmus, in his "Encomium Morie." Singing at sight was a common accomplishment among the courtiers of Henry VIII., who was himself a musical composer. He even patronized ballads and songs of the popular kind in the early part of his reign, though

when they were used as weapons against the Reformation, he did all he could to suppress them. It is to an Act of 1563 against "such books, ballads, rhymes, and songs, as be pestiferous and noisome," that Mr. Chappell partly attributes the fact, that *printed ballads* of an early date are not now to be found.

When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne the musical taste of our ancestors reached its culminating point, nor was it in any way diminished during the whole of her long reign. At the beginning of the present century, when the connoisseurs of music had to make out for themselves a case against the disciples of the prosaic wits who guided the preceding generation, they were wont to heap up innumerable citations from Shakspeare, to show that there was a high authority on their side ; but, in point of fact, Shakspeare uttered no more than the general sentiment of his age, and the grave corporation of London was advertising the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, by way of recommending them as servants and apprentices, while the Bard of Avon was expressing his abhorrence of all who were not "mov'd with concord of sweet sounds." "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work, for his mind is of nothing but filching," says an old fellow in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and Tusser, in his "Points of Huswifry," published in 1570, says for the benefit of country matrons—

"Such servants are oftenest painfull (i.e. pains-taking) and good,  
 That sing in their labor, as birds in the wood."

But the moral obligation of learning music is most clearly set forth by Byrd, in his collection of Psalms and Sonnets, dated 1588:—

1st. "It is a knowledge easily taught, and quickly learned, where there is a good master and an apt scholar."

2d. "The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man."

3d. "It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes."

4th. "It is a singular good remedy for a stutting and stammering in the speech."

5th. "It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator."

6th. "It is the only way to know where nature hath bestowed a good voice ; . . . and in many that excellent gift is lost, because they want art to express nature."

7th. "There is not any music of instru-

ments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made of the voices of men; where the voices are good, and the same well sorted and ordered."

8th. "The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end."

"Since singing is so good a thing,  
I wish all men would learn to sing."

The extent to which the very air of London was impregnated with melody and harmony in the Elizabethan epoch is thus vivaciously described by Mr. Chappell:—

"Tinkers sang catches, milkmaids sang ballads, carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the bass viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern [a species of guitar strung with wire], and virginals for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop."

The barber, however, must not be dropped at once. He was as important in London, during the reign of Elizabeth, as he was at Bagdad under the "Commander of the Faithful," and we therefore extract Mr. Chappell's account of his connection with popular music:—

"One branch of the barber's occupation in former days was to draw teeth, to bind up wounds, and to let blood. The parti-colored pole, which was exhibited at the doorway, painted after the fashion of a bandage, was his sign, and the teeth he had drawn were suspended at the windows, tied upon lute strings. The lute, the cittern, and the gittern hung from the walls, and the virginals stood in the corner of his shop. 'If idle,' says the author of 'The Trimming of Thomas Nashe,' 'barbers pass their time in life-delighting musique' (1597). The barber in Lyly's 'Midas' (1592) says to his apprentice, 'Thou knowest I have taught thee the knocking of the hands, like the tuning of a cittern,' and Truewit, in Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman,' wishes the barber 'may draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string.' In the same play, Morose, who had married the barber's daughter, thinking her faithless, exclaims 'That cursed barber! I have married his cittern, that is common to all men.' One of the commentators not understanding this, altered it to 'I have married his cistern,' etc. Dekker also speaks of 'a barber's cittern for every serving-man to play upon.' One of the 'Merrie-conceited jests of George Peele' is the stealing of a barber's lute, and in Lord Falkland's 'Wedding Night,' we read, 'he

has travelled and speaks languages, as a barber's boy plays o' th' gittern.' Ben Jonson says, 'I can compare him to nothing more happily than a barber's virginals; for every man may play upon him,' and in 'The Staple of News,' 'My barber Tom, one Christmas, got into a Masque at court, by his wit and the good means of his cittern, holding up thus for one of the music.' To the latter passage Gifford adds another in a note. 'For you know, says Tom Brown, that a cittern is as natural to a barber, as milk to a calf, or dancing bears to a bagpiper.'"

The music that occupied these various amateurs was naturally of a popular kind; for, in the scholastic compositions of the age, harmony alone was considered, and that of a recondite kind that did not appeal to the uncultivated, we may almost say the unsophisticated, ear.

While the music of the learned shrank from all contact with that of the people, the literary poets carefully avoided all similitude to the ballad-writers, whom they regarded with an uneasiness similar to that experienced by Wilhelm Meister, when, having embraced the profession of an actor, he watched the evolutions of a party of low acrobats in the street, and could not help the unpleasant thought that they were a sort of fellow-craftsmen after all. The most celebrated poets of the people in the days of Queen Elizabeth were Elderton and Deloney; and the representatives of the old minstrels were blind harpers and fiddlers, who sang words composed by others, and made themselves useful by playing dances. Both Elderton and Deloney were famed imbibers of ale; the former is thus described in a MS. poem possessed by Mr. J. P. Collier:—

"Will. Elderton's red nose is famous every-  
where,  
And many a ballet shows it cost him very  
dear;  
In ale, and toast, and spice, he spent good  
store of coin,  
You need not ask him twice to take a cup of  
wine.  
But though his nose was red, his hand was  
very white,  
In work it never sped, nor took in it delight;  
No marvel therefore 'tis, that white should be  
his hand,  
That ballets writ a score, as you well under-  
stand."

Of Deloney, Nashe says:—

"He hath rhyme enough for all miracles,  
and wit to make a *Garland of Good Will*,  
etc., but whereas his muse, from the first

peeping forth, hath stood at livery at an ale-house wisp, never exceeding a penny a quart, day or night—and this dear year, together with the silencing of his looms, scarce that—he is constrained to betake himself to carded ale' (i. e., ale mixed with small beer) whence it proceedeth that since Candlemas, or his jigg of *John for the king*, not one merry ditty will come from him; nothing but *The Thunderbolt against swearers, Repent, England, repent*, and the *Strange Judgments of God*."

The literary poets were not content merely to shun the ballad-writer's art and to avoid his metre,—they pursued him with acrimonious censure, reviled his habit of life, ridiculed the expedients by which he sought to make his line fit the melody. The termination "a," that has now long sunk into disuse, but of which there is still a monument on the stage in the shape of Autolycus' song,—

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a,"

—was regarded with especial abomination.

"If I let passe the un-countable rabble of ryming ballet-mongers, and copylers of sencelesse sonets (who be most busy to stuff every stall full of grosse devises and unlearned pamphlets), I trust I shall with the best sort be excused. For though many such can frame an ale-house song of five or six score verses, hobbling uppon some tune of a *North-ern Juggle*, or *Robyn Hode*, or *La Lulba*, etc., and perhappes observe just number of syllables, eight in one line, sixe in another, and therewithall an 'a' to make a jercke in the end: yet if these might be accounted poets (as it is sayde some of them make meanes to be promoted to the lawrell), surely we shall shortly have whole swarmes of poets; and many are that can frame a booke in ryme, though, for want of matter, it be but in commendations of coffee-rooms or bottle ale, wyll catch at the garlaude due to poets, whose *potticall* (poeticall I should say) heades I would wyshe, at their worshipfull commencement, might, in steede of lawrell, be gorgeously garnished with fayre greene barley in token of their good affection to our Englishe malt."

So spoke William Webbe, in "A Discourse of English Poetrie," dated 1586; but the songsters who used the objectionable appendage could write with ease and liveliness, as may be proved by these stanzas from a popular song of the seventeenth century, written by Martin Parker, and sung to the tune that is now associated with the far-famed "Sally in our Alley:"—

"Although I am a country lass  
A lofty mind I bear-a,  
I think myself as good as those  
That gay apparel wear-a:  
My coat is made of comely gray,  
Yet is my skin as soft-a  
As those that with the choicest wines  
Do bathe their bodies oft-a.

"What though I keep my father's sheep,  
A thing that must be done-a,  
A garland of the fairest flow'rs  
Shall shield me from the sun-a:  
And when I see them feeding by,  
Where grass and flowers spring-a,  
Close by a crystal fountain-side,  
I sit me down and sing-a."

Though the musical taste of the people in Queen Elizabeth's time was distinct from that of the erudite composers and their patrons, it was equally remote from the mere love of boisterous noise which characterizes the so-called "harmonic meetings" of the humbler classes of our own days. Tinkers, tailors, smiths, colliers, not only were known to sing in parts, but their talent in this respect is the subject of frequent allusion in the works of our old dramatists. Nay, Deloney, who wrote a history of the "gentle craft," mentions an unlucky wight who tried to pass for a shoemaker, but was detected as an impostor, because he could neither "sing, sound the trumpet, play upon the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme."

The nonsensical words which often terminate the verses of our comic songs, and which are sung in unison with so much delight by a jovial company of the lower class as the solo vocalist arrives at the successive stages of his narrative, are the disreputable relics of a primitive harmony. The burden in early English songs was not a mere supplement, but was sung throughout as a base or under-song, and the singer of this part was said to "bear the burden," the word itself being a corruption of the Norman word "bourdon," denoting a "drone-base." In "Sumer is icumen in," which is considered by Mr. Chappell to be the earliest secular composition in parts known to exist in any country, and is assigned by him to the middle of the thirteenth century, we have one of the plainest examples of the burden properly so called. The words of the song, as originally written and modernized, are as follows:—

"Sumer is icumen in,  
Lhude sing, Cuccu!  
Groweth sed, and bloweth mod,



And springth the wde nu.  
Sing Cuccu!  
Awo bleteth after lomb,  
Lhouth after calve cu;  
Bullac sterteth, bucke verteth,  
Murie sing Cuccu!  
Cuccu! Cuccu!  
Well singes thu Cuccu,  
Ne swik thu naver nu."

"Summer is come in,  
Loud sing, Cuckoo!  
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,  
And spring'th the wood new.  
Sing, Cuckoo!  
Ewe bleateth after lamb,  
Loweth after calf cow,  
Bullock starteth, buck verteth,\*  
Merry sing, Cuckoo!  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!  
Well sing'st thou, Cuckoo!  
Nor cease thou never now."

During the whole progress of this song, the words "Sing, Cuccu, nu! sing, Cuccu!" were sung by two voices as a base or burden. Sometimes a proverbial expression—as "Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all"—served as text to the burden; sometimes unmeaning syllables, assembled together for no other apparent purpose than that of tickling the ear, "Hey, nonny, nonny no!" or "Hey, down, down, derry down!" Of this more illustrious nonsense the "Tol de rol" and "Fol de riddle" of modern times are the inglorious progeny, while the burden itself now begins at the end of the verse, instead of being sung as an accompaniment. Harmony, indeed, once belonged to the distinctive characteristics of our island. "The Britons," says Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote towards the end of the twelfth century, "do not sing their tunes in unison, like the inhabitants of other countries, but in different parts," and he embraces in his commendation the northern English. When Thomas à Becket went to Paris to negotiate the marriage of the English prince with the daughter of King Louis, he entered the French towns preceded by two hundred and fifty boys on foot, in groups of six, ten, or more together, singing English songs, according to the custom of their country. So says the saint's biographer, Fitz Stephen. But we obtain a still more striking proof of the early proficiency of our countrymen in part-singing from an *Animadversion* on the Church Music, written in Latin by Aelredus, Abbot of Rivaux in Yorkshire, who died in 1188, and translated by Prynne into the following nervous English:—

\* Frequents the green fern.

"Let me speake now of those who, under the shew of religion, doe obballiate the businesse of pleasure: who usurpe those things for the service of their vanity, which the ancient Fathers did profitably exercise in their types of future things. Whence then, I pray, all types and figures now ceasing, whence hath the Church so many Organs and Muscicall Instruments? To what purpose, I demand, is that terrible blowing of Belloes, expressing rather the crackes of thunder, than the sweetnesse of a voyce? To what purpose serves that contraction and inflection of the voyce? This man sings a base, this a small meane, another a treble, a fourth divides and cuts asunder, as it were, certaine middle notes. One while the voyce is strained, anon it is remitted, now againe it is dashed, and then againe it is enlarged with a lower sound. Sometimes, which is a shame to speake, it is enforced into an horse's neighings; sometimes, the masculine vigor being laid aside, it is sharpened into the shrillnesse of a woman's voyce; now and then it is writhed, and retorted with a certaine artificiall circumvolution. Sometimes thou mayst see a man with an open mouth, not to sing, but, as it were, to breath out his last gaspe, by shutting in his breath, and by a certaine ridiculous interception of his voyce, as it were to threaten silence, and now againe to imitate the agonies of a dying man, or the extasies of such as suffer. In the mean time, the whole body is stirred up and downe with certaine histrionical gestures: the lips are wreathed, the eyes turne round, the shoulders play, and the bending of the fingers doth answer every note. And this ridiculous dissolution is called religion; and where these things are most frequently done, it is proclaimed abroad that God is there more honorably served. In the meane time, the common people standing by, trembling and astonished, admire the sound of the Organs, the noyse of the Cymbals and muscicall instruments, the harmony of the Pipes and Cornets; but yet looke upon the lascivious gesticulations of the singers, the meretricious alternations, interchanges, and infractions of the voyces, not without derision and laughter; so that a man may thinke that they came, not to an oratory or house of prayer, but to a theatre; not to pray, but to gaze about them; neither is that dreadfull majesty feared before whom they stand, etc. Thus, this Church singing, which the holy Fathers have ordained that the weake might be stirred up to piety, is perverted to the use of unlawfull pleasure."

Notwithstanding the importance of cittern, gittern, lute, and virginals during the Elizabethan days, the human voice was considered the chief organ of secular music. With the



accession of James I. began that widely extended taste for the purely instrumental part of the art which is conspicuous in so many *matinées* and *soirées* of the present day. So anxious, indeed, were people to play, that they had recourse to the music they were once accustomed to sing, and madrigals were sent forth with the new recommendation that they were apt for viols as well as for voices. For the names of the instruments employed at this period, the inquisitive reader may turn over the pages of his Bible, for when the Old Testament was translated into the vernacular, equivalents for the Hebrew instruments were found in the implements rendered tuneful by British lungs and fingers. There is, moreover, a passage in Drayton's "Polyolbion," printed in 1613, which to the inquirer into the antiquities of English music may be almost as serviceable as Homer's catalogue of ships to the student of ancient geography:—

"The trembling lute some touch, some strain  
the viol best,  
In sets that there were seen, the music wondrous choice.  
Some, likewise, there affect the gamba with  
the voice,  
To show that England could variety afford.  
Some that delight to touch the sterner wiry  
chord,  
The cithren, the pandore, and the theorbo  
strike;  
The glitter and the kit the wand'ring fiddlers  
like.  
So were there some again, in this their learned  
strife,  
Loud instruments that lov'd, the cornet and  
the fife.  
The hoby, sackbut deep, recorder, and the  
flute,  
E'en from the shrillest shawm unto the corna-  
mute.  
Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the  
country Round,  
The tabor and the pipe some take delight to  
sound."

The patronage once enjoyed by the minstrels was now bestowed on skilful instrumentalists, and Richard Braithwait, a writer of the times of James I., who has drawn up "Some Rules for the Government of the House of an Earl," enjoins the model nobleman to keep five musicians, who are not only to play themselves, but to teach the earl's children to play upon the base-viol, the virginals, the lute, the bandora, and the cittern. Nor does this patronage of musicians begin with the formation of the instrumental branch of the art. In the time of Henry VIII. and

of Elizabeth there were wealthy merchants who retained as many musicians as the nobles who flourished under James I.

When the act of Elizabeth had proscribed "minstrels wandering abroad" as "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," the itinerant musicians were enjoined to wear cloaks and badges, with arms of some patron, individual or corporate, to denote in whose service they were engaged. Thus equipped, they were exempt from the operation of the act, and they seem to have abused this privilege much after the fashion of their more romantic predecessors, thrusting themselves into all companies, without waiting for the ceremony of an invitation. However, there was plenty of legitimate work to be done by them, and at every species of festivity (not excluding funerals) their services were required. In the case of weddings there was a regular routine to be gone through. First, the bride was to be awakened in the morning by a "hunt's up;" next, music accompanied her to church; then music accompanied her *from* church; then there was music throughout the wedding dinner; and as for the singing and dancing in the evening, that was, of course, *ad libitum*.

The "hunt's up" was doubtless, in the first instance, a musical invitation to join the pleasures of the chase, but the meaning of the phrase was soon extended to include every kind of song that, in Hibernian fashion, might be described as a *morning serenade*, and when Juliet complains that the lark drives away Romeo "with hunts up to the day," she no doubt uses the expression in its most general sense. We have a very pretty specimen of the amatory "hunts up" in the following song taken by Mr. Chappell from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Collier, and possibly as old as the time of Henry VIII.:—

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady free,  
The sun hath risen from out his prison,  
Beneath the glistening sea.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady bright,  
The morning lark is high to mark  
The coming of daylight.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady fair.  
The kine and sheep, but now asleep,  
Browse in the morning air.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady gay,  
The stars are fled to the ocean bed,  
And it is now broad day.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady slien,  
The hills look out, and the woods about  
Are drest in lovely green.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady dear,  
A morn in spring is the sweetest thing  
Cometh in all the year.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady sweet,  
I come to thy bow'r, at this loved hour,  
My own true love to greet."

Great, however, as was the demand for musical talent in old London, when each ward had its musicians, besides those of Finsbury, Southwark, and Blackfriars, and the waits of London and Westminster, who were far more imposing personages than the miserable wretches who startle Paterfamilias out of his first sleep in the nineteenth century, this demand was exceeded by the supply, and England in the seventeenth century was the great exporting country of tuneful artists. The famous John Dowland, after travelling through divers lands, became lutenist to the Christian king of Denmark, and, when he returned home, the king begged that Thomas Cutting, another English lutenist, might be allowed to succeed him. Peter Phillips settled in the Netherlands, as organist to the Archduke of Austria, with the Italianized Pietro Philippi; while John Cooper, visiting Italy, became Giovanni Cuperario. The practice of converting English into foreign names is sometimes followed by singing and dancing artists of the present day, but they differ from their professional forefathers in this respect, that they become pseudo-Italians in order to impose upon their fellow-countrymen, not for the sake of conforming to the land of their adoption.

We have incidentally alluded to the "waits." "They seem," says Mr. Chappell, "to have been originally a band of musical watchmen, who proved their watchfulness by piping at stated hours of the nights." Their duties in the Court of Edward IV. are thus officially described:—

"A WAYTE, that nightely from Mychelmas to Shreve Thorsdaye *pipethe wathe* within this courte fowere tymes; in the Somere nightes three tymes, and makethe *bon gayte* at every chambere doare and, offyce, as well for feare of pyckeres and pillers. He eatethe in the halle with Mynstrelles, and takethe lyverey at nighte a loafe, a galone of ale, and for Somere nights two candles [of] pich, and a bushel of coles; and for Wintere nightes

halfe a loafe of bread, a galone of ale, four candles pich, a bushel coles: Daylye whilst he is presente in Court for his wages, in Cheque-roale, allowed *iiiiid.* or else *iiid.* by the discresshon of the Steuarde and Tressorore, and that after his cominge and deservinge: Also cloathing with the Houshold Yeomen or Mynstrelles lyke to the wages that he takethe: An he be sycke, he taketh two loaves, two messes of great meate, one galone ale. Also he parteth with the houshold of general gyfts, and hathe his beddinge carried by the Comptrolleres assignment; and, under this yeoman, to be a Groome-Waitere. Yf he can excuse the yeoman in his absence, then he takethe reward, clotheinge, meat, and all other things lyke to other Grooms of Houshold. Also this Yeoman-Waighte, at the making of Knightes of the Bathe, for his attendance upon them by nighte-time, in watchinge in the Chappelle, hathe to his fee all the watchinge clothing that the Knight shall wear upon him."

When applied to the musicians of towns and corporations the word "wayte" became less definite; but some of the significance of the ancient office was retained, and exists to the present day in the custom of rousing people in the mornings, immediately preceding Christmas. The York waits, as they appeared at the end of the seventeenth century, are described in this lively fashion:—

"In a winter's morning,  
Long before the dawning,  
Ere the cock did crow,  
Or stars their light withdraw,  
Wak'd by a hornpipe pretty,  
Play'd along York city,  
By th' help of o'ernight's bottle,  
Damon made this ditty, . . .  
In a winter's night,  
By moon or lanthorn light,  
Through hail, rain, frost, or snow  
Their rounds the music go;  
Clad each in frize or blanket  
(For either heav'n be thanked),  
Lin'd with wine a quart,  
Or ale a double tankard.  
Burglars scud away,  
And bar guests dare not stay,  
Of claret, snorting sots  
Dream o'er their pipes and pots,  
Till their brisk helpmates wake 'em,  
Hoping music will make 'em,  
To find the pleasant Cliff,  
That plays the Rigadoon.  
\* \* \*

Candles, four in the pound,  
Lead up the jolly Round,  
Whilst cornet shrill i' th' middle  
Marches, and merry fiddle,  
Curtal with deep hum, hum,  
Cries, we come, we come, come,

And theorbo loudly answers,  
Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum.  
But, their fingers frost-nipt,  
So many notes are o'erslipt,  
That you'd take sometimes  
The Waits for the Minster chimes:  
Then, Sirs, to hear their music  
Would make both me and you sick,  
And much more to hear a roopy fiddler call  
(With voice, as Moll would cry,  
'Come, shrimps or cockles buy'),  
'Past three, fair frosty morn,  
Good morrow, my masters all.'"

The waits are here clearly regarded from the most modern point of view,—that is to say, as a nuisance.

During the early part of the civil commotions in the time of Charles I. the ballad-writers, who, distinguished from the literary poets, continued to exist in full vigor, were apparently on the side of the Parliament. They found a good unpopular figure ready made to their hands in the person of Archbishop Laud, and pandered to the rabble by squibbing that obnoxious prelate; but when an ordinance went forth not only for the suppression of stage-plays but also for *seizing upon* all ballad-mongers, the poets of the people found that they had sided with the wrong party. Chief on the list of loyal rhymesters is Martin Parker, whose song "the king shall enjoy his own again" became a kind of party anthem among the Cavaliers, and whose name was so famous among his enemies that ballad-writers in general were stigmatized as Martin Parker's society, and perhaps formed an actual corporation.

Now that the spirit which animated both parties during the civil wars has subsided, very little excitement can be obtained by means of Martin Parker's most celebrated effusion:—

"What Booker can prognosticate  
Concerning kings or kingdoms' fate?  
I think myself to be as wise  
As he that gazeth in the skies.  
My skill goes beyond the depths of a Pond,  
Or Rivers in the greatest rain,  
Whereby I can tell, all things will be well,  
When the King enjoys his own again.

"There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dado  
Can soar more high, or deeper wade;  
Nor show a reason from the stars  
What causeth peace or civil wars;  
The man in the moon may wear out his shoon,  
By running after Charles his wain,  
But all's to no end, for the times will not mend,  
Till the King enjoys his own again.

"Though for a time we see Whitehall  
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,

Instead of silk and silver brave,  
Which formerly it used to have.  
With rich perfume in ev'ry room,  
Delightful to that princely train,  
Which again you shall see, when the time it  
shall be,  
That the King enjoys his own again."

All this now looks wooden enough, nor does the information that the names in the first two stanzas were those of eminent astrologers and almanac-makers, greatly increase the enjoyment of the sober reader. But Ritson, who considered Parker a "Grubstreet scribbler" cannot help styling the "King shall enjoy his own again," the "most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country." The tune to which the words are written was already popular as "Marry me, quoth the bonny lass," but there is no doubt that he first gave it general celebrity by his poem, to which many verses were afterwards added, in order to suit the circumstances of the party. Wildrake, the typical cavalier in Sir Walter Scott's Woodstock, has this party effusion ever on the tip of his tongue, and for nearly a century it is identified with the cause of the Stuarts. In the days of Charles I. it sustained the courage of the Cavaliers; on the restoration of Charles II. it celebrated their triumph; after the revolution of 1688 it kept alive the enthusiasm of the Jacobites. The Anti-Stuart song, which rivalled the Cavalier lyric in popularity, was the famous "Lilliburlero," which with words directed against the Irish papists, first became significant about 1688, and was afterwards whistled into immortality by Sterne's Uncle Toby.

The line of demarcation that so distinctly separated the cultivated from the uncultivated lover of music, was to a great measure obliterated on the restoration of Charles II. Professors of the science now essayed to please the many as well as the few; the learned tuneless counterpoint, which was the pride of an earlier, day fell into disuse, and melody began to assert a supremacy over mere scientific combinations. The gittern, now called the "guitar," encroached upon the domain of the more unwieldy lute, and the six-stringed viol yielded to the violin, which had hitherto been almost exclusively employed in accompaniment to dancing. This exchange of the viol for the violin denoted a change in the character of the music performed. As Mr. Chappell says:—

"The reason why viols had been preferred

to violins, tenors, and violoncellos for church music was simply this: until the reign of Charles II., the music played was in close counterpoint of limited compass for such instrument, and in from three to six parts, every visitor being expected to take a part, and generally at sight. The frets of the viol secured the stopping in time, which one indifferent ear in the party might otherwise have marred."

Viols, it may be remarked, were not all of the same size. A set, or "chest" as it was termed, contained instruments of five or six different dimensions to suit different registers.

The lighter instrument, as we shall presently find, gained its ascendancy through the introduction of French taste,—but the stringed instrument played with a bow,—and which without distinction of size or register, we may generally term a fiddle, is of native British growth. The Anglo-Saxons called it a *fithle* (with the soft "th" represented by the obsolete *ð*), and the Normans, suppressing the middle consonant altogether, reduced the word to "*fiele*," the obvious parent of "*viol*." But why talk of Normans, when we have the following lines by an Italian poet, Venantius, who towards the end of the sixth century, thus addressed Loup, Duke of Champagne:—

"*Romanusque lyra plaudet tibi, Barbarus harpa,  
Græcus Achilliaca, chrotta Britannæ canat.*"

The "*chrotta*" was the "*crowd*" or primitive fiddle, the name of which is so familiar to the readers of *Hudibras*, and it differed from the modern instrument by the absence of a neck. An aperture was made so as to admit the left hand of the player through the back and enable him to form the notes by the pressure of the strings upon the finger-board.

The very circumstance that the violin had previously been associated with dancing, would seem to have been a recommendation with Charles II., who, according to Roger North, loved no music but of the dancing-kind, and put down all advocates for the fugal style of composition, with the unanswerable question, "*Have I not ears?*" A band of twenty-four violins (including tenors and basses) who merrily accompanied his meals, and even enlivened his devotions in the Chapel Royal, originally suggested the comic song, "*Four-and-twenty fiddlers all of a row*," that has lasted down to the present day. These innovations were deemed offensive by gentlemen of the old school, and the sober Evelyn was

greatly shocked, when in December, 1662, at the conclusion of the sermon, "instead of the ancient grave and solemn wind-music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins, between every pause, after the French fantastical light way; better suiting a tavern or playhouse than a church."

Unfortunately, too, the predilection of the king for French fiddlers formed part of his anti-national tendency, and was carried to such an extent, that John Banister, who had been leader of the twenty-four, was dismissed for saying, on his return from Paris, that the English violins were better than the French. Nor was this sacrifice of national feeling a tribute to superior accomplishment in the foreigner. France was the country least celebrated in Europe as the birthplace of musicians; and while English gentlemen were not deemed properly educated unless they could play difficult music at sight, the twenty-four professional musicians, who re-created the "*Grand Monarque*," and were the model on which Charles II. fashioned his own band, were not able to play any thing they had not especially studied. But the French tickled the ears of the royal voluptuary by their dance-tunes, which the old contrapuntal "*fantasies*," as they were called, did not; and there was the end of all controversy.

A taste for the vocal music of Italy is, however, much older than the Restoration, and recitative, which is notoriously of Italian origin, was found indispensable in the Court Masques that were given during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. As early as 1653, Henry Lawes, the friend of Milton and Waller, and the representative of native genius, was roused to an indignant protest, which with small variations has been repeated down to the present day.

"Wise men," says Lawes, "have observed our generation so giddy that whatsoever is native, be it ever so excellent, must lose its taste, because themselves have lost theirs. For my part I profess (and such as know me can bear witness) I desire to render every man his due, whether strangers or natives; and without depressing the honor of other countries, I may say our own nation hath had, and yet hath, as able musicians as any in Europe. I confess the Italian language may have some advantage by being better smoothed and vowelled for music, which I found by many songs which I set to Italian words, and our English seems a little overclogged with consonants, but that's much the composer's fault,



who, by judicious setting and right turning the words, may make it smooth enough. This present generation is so sated with what is native that nothing takes their ear but what's sung in a language they understand as little as they do the music."

The same Henry Lawes, with Matthew Lock and Captain Henry Cook, composed the music to Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, the story of which was told in recitative, and which was an opera in the strictest sense of the word. This work was performed in a room at the Earl of Rutland's house in Aldersgate, in the year 1656, and preceded by thirteen years the establishment of opera in France. Indeed, Louis XIV. himself gave acknowledged precedence to the English, when in 1669 he granted to the Sieur Perrin the patent (afterwards withdrawn) for the establishment of an academy for the cultivation of public theatrical singing (*pour chanter en public des pièces de Théâtre*) as practised in Italy, Germany, and England. People who love to remark that tragedy was first introduced into France by Cardinal Richelieu may take pleasure in observing that the first English opera was licensed by Cromwell. To the fact that the performance took place in a room may be attributed this extraordinary liberality, of which we find traces among the religionists of the present day. The families, who hold theatres in abhorrence, yet patronize the most worldly and frivolous "entertainments" given in halls and galleries.

To the suppression of the theatres by the Puritans, and to the dispersion of musicians generally during the Civil Wars, may be traced the origin of public concerts. Having no other means of earning a subsistence, the musicians betook themselves to the taverns, which now became the sole places where music could be heard, and were much frequented on that account. However, a law like that which had formerly annihilated the minstrels of the ancient school, was now put in force against these hapless caterers for public amusement. By an act passed in 1656-7, against "vagrants, and wandering, idle, dissolute persons" (our legislators always added insult to injury when dealing with music and the drama), it was ordered that "if any person or persons, commonly called fiddlers or minstrels, shall at any time after the first of July be taken playing, fiddling, and making music in any inn, alehouse, or tavern, or

shall be taken performing themselves or desiring or enticing any person or persons to hear them play or make music in any of the places aforesaid," they shall be treated as rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. The poor wretches were not only forbidden to make music, but they might not ask to be heard; and the frequenters of taverns no longer amused by others were driven to their own vocal resources, which, thanks to their education, were not small. Part-songs, catches, and canons thus became the order of the day, and the proficiency of our forefathers in singing at sight is attested by the fact that there was seldom any difficulty in finding the requisite number of voices. On the restoration of Charles II. the obstacles to the development of professional talent were removed, but, nevertheless, the vocal performances of amateurs continued in full vigor. In the very first place of entertainment, at which music was regularly played—a place situated (according to North) in a lane behind St. Paul's—shopkeepers and freemen were wont to sing in concert, mellowing their voices with ale and tobacco. The next experiment, which was made in Whitefriars, was of a more professional nature, the engaged "talent" being so excessively modest, that they were enclosed in a box, surrounded by curtains that rendered them invisible. The patrons of art paid an entrance fee, and ordered what refreshment they pleased. Here we have the exact prototype of the Canterbury Halls of the present day, save that the shamefacedness of the musicians has had no modern imitators.

The vocal music sung by the amateurs who frequented taverns in the time of Charles II. was usually taken from the now scarce collection of rounds and catches published by John Playford. A similar collection of rounds and catches had been published by Ravenscroft in the time of James I., but it was not till after the Restoration that the prevalence of writing catches became prevalent among great composers.

It is a singular circumstance, that the anti-national propensities of Charles II. brought into fashion the kind of music that had constantly been appreciated by the masses—the music of the old ballads and songs. That notorious dislike of all compositions to which he could not beat time, and consequently of the tuneless counterpoint that had found such high favor with his predecessors, led him to



appreciate the common English airs, to which the poets of the people had written their words, as well as the dance-music imported from France. The man who was destined to turn the predilection of the monarch to good account, by bringing to the notice of the court those national melodies which had been despised by the scholastic composers, was the once famed Tom D'Urfey, who having delighted the "merry monarch" with a now-forgotten comedy, called the "Plotting Sisters," became one of his chief favorites. The earlier English poets, with their hatred for ballad-writers, had avoided all metres that could be sung to common tunes, but D'Urfey, acutely perceiving the royal taste, pursued a course diametrically opposite, writing songs that would either fit the existing ballad tunes, or enable the musicians to adopt a similar style of composition. Thus the line of demarcation that had so long severed the music of the higher classes from that of the multitude was to a great extent obliterated, and the popular song was once more in fashion. Unfortunately for the durability of lyric poetry, fortunately for composers, honest Tom has had few successors; and it is to the fact that Scottish poets worked on his principle, whereas English rhymesters preferred new music, that Mr. Chappell attributes the incomparably greater popularity of the former. "Dibdin's sea-songs," he says, "are already fading from memory, because he composed music to them, instead of writing to airs which had stood the test of time."

On the other hand, the Scotch not only sang D'Urfey's songs, but composed new words to his tunes, and this brings us to an especial theory of Mr. Chappell's, that many of the tunes commonly called Scotch are really of southern origin. The collections that he has examined show a strange mixture, the third volume of Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany," for instance, containing English songs exclusively, and the fourth a combination of English and Scotch, though the notification that these were all "Scots songs" still appeared on the title-page, to the great inconvenience of northern antiquaries, who are thus liable to praise English music, when they intend to praise Scotch. That Dr. Beattie was in this unfortunate position and communicated his error to Mrs. Siddons is thus shown by Mr. Chappell:—

"She loves music, and is fond of Scotch tunes, many of which I played to her on the violoncello. One of these, *She rose and let me in*, which you know is a favorite of mine, made the tears start from her eyes; 'Go on,' said she, 'and you will soon have your revenge;' meaning that I should draw as many tears from her as she had drawn from me by her acting. (*Life of James Beattie, L.L.D.*, by Sir W. Forbes, ii. 139). Dr. Beattie was evidently not aware that both the music and words of *She rose and let me in* are English (the words being by Tom D'Urfey and the music by Farmer). Again, in one of his Essays,—'I do not find that any foreigner has ever caught the true spirit of Scottish music;' and he illustrates his remark by the story of Geniniani's having blotted quires of paper in the attempt to write a second part to the tune of *The Broom of Cowdenknows*. This air is, to say the least, of very questionable origin. The evidence of its being Scotch rests upon the English ballad of *The Broom of Cowdenknows*, for in other ballads to the same air it is not so described; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, quotes 'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,' as a 'country tune.' The frequent misapplication of the term 'Scotch' in English songs and ballads, has been remarked by nearly every writer on Scottish music, and this air is not upon the incomplete scale which is commonly called Scotch. I am strongly persuaded that it is one of those ballads which, like *The gallant Grahams*, and many others, become popular in Scotland because the subject was Scotch. *The Broom of Cowdenknows* is in the metre of, and evidently suggested by, the older ballad of *New Broom on Hill*. A copy of the original *Broom on Hill* may even yet be discovered, or at least an earlier copy of the tune, and thus set the question at rest."

This part of the history we rather indicate than dilate upon, leaving Mr. Chappell to contend with the northern lion as well as he may, and prove that it roars an' it were any English nightingale. The professed imitation of the Scottish dialect in popular English songs seems to have begun with the mission of the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) to Scotland, when the northern phraseology was eagerly adopted by the royalists.

After the reign of Queen Anne, political songs were the only kind of poetry that found general favor, but in the time of George II. the old tunes were once more brought into vogue with those ballad-operas, of which the "Beggars' Opera" was the first and the most durable. For six consecutive years

scarcely any other kind of drama was produced on the stage, and even for the booths in Bartholomew Fair new operas were written.

With respect to the characteristics and worth of the popular English airs that survived so many social and political changes, and have sometimes acquired new vitality from their connection with some event of importance, we may confidently say, that the most careless reader of music cannot glance over the airs collected by Mr. Chappell without arriving at the conclusion, not only that these tunes are eminent for those qualities which strongly affect the emotions of the multitude, but also that they have peculiarities of their own which distinguish them from the songs of other nations, in spite of the bold assertion of unpatriotic archæologists that the English are without a national music.

The characteristic airs of England are divided by Mr. Chappell into four classes, which he thus describes:—

"The first and largest division consists of airs of a smooth and flowing character—expressive, tender, and sometimes plaintive, but generally cheerful rather than sad. These are the ditties, the real pastorals, which are so often mentioned by our early writers, and in which our poets so constantly expressed their delight. The second comprises airs which breathe a frank and manly spirit, often expanding into rough jollity. Such were many of the songs of men when not addressed to the fair. The third consists of the airs to historical and other very long ballads, some of which airs have probably descended to us from the minstrels. They are invariably of simple construction, usually plaintive, and the last three notes often fall gradually to the key-note at the end. One peculiar feature of these airs is the long interval between each phrase, so well calculated for recitation, and for recovering the breath in the lengthy stories to which they were united. They were rarely, if ever, used for dancing; indeed, they were not well suited to the purpose, and therein differed from the carols, and from the ditties, which were usually danced to and sung. Ditties, when accelerated in time to fit them for dancing, would fall under the denomination of carols. In the fourth class may be comprised the numerous hornpipes, jigs, rounds, and bagpipe-tunes. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when villagers assembled every holiday, and on Sunday evenings after prayers, to dance upon the green, every parish of moderate population had its piper. The constable ought not to break his staff and forswear the watch for one

roaring night,' says Ben Jonson, 'nor the piper of the parish to put up his pipes for one rainy Sunday.' 'It was not unusual, I believe,' says Mr. Surtees, 'to amuse laborers on bounty days with music; a piper generally attended on highway days.' He quotes the following entry in the parish registers of Gateshead, under the year 1633:—"To workmen, for making the streets even, at the King's coming, 18s. 4d.; and paid the piper for playing to the menders of the highways five several days, 3s. 4d.' Milton, in his speech upon unlicensed printing, says, 'The villagers also must have their visitors, to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the ballatry, and the gammuth of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadia, and his Monte Mayors.'"

Various, and doubtless to a great extent unfathomable, are the causes that produce that fitness of an air to a national humor, which is expressed by the term popularity. The songs introduced in the lighter French vaudevilles, and sung by actors who are not professedly vocalists, seem utterly meaningless and trivial to the English ear, whether cultivated or not; yet they must appeal to some sentiment in the French people, or they would not be repeated year after year, with fresh words written on the occasion of every revival. Of the vitality of certain English tunes we had a striking instance in the "Beggars' Opera," which is almost a thesaurus of national melody, and we have more modern proofs in the burlesque entertainments produced at our theatres during the holiday seasons, and constantly exhibiting the union of airs composed before the memory of man with words hastily scribbled down by the youngest poetasters of the day. Tunes go on for centuries, words become stale in a twelvemonth. Martin Parker by his Cavalier verses gave indeed a new popularity to the old melody; but we question whether a single reader would now be moved by the words which we gave a few pages back, whereas the tune of "The King shall enjoy his own again," would be found as soul-stirring as ever if associated with some new national event. Nor can we reasonably doubt that the lively air of *Lilliburlero* had a great effect in giving currency to the rubbish with which it was associated about the time of the Revolution.

Impossible as it may be to trace all the causes of popularity in music, some influence

may be safely ascribed to the character of the instruments in use among the people. The airs of Spain—the land of guitars—are generally destitute of sustained notes; the songs of the Swiss mountaineer are suggestive of the mountain-horn.

Armed with the fact that the instruments in use among the English from the earliest times were the harp, the fiddle (including the crowd), and the pipe, with or without the bag, the curious may, if they please, endeavor to find the traces of these instruments in the abundant specimens of English melody collected by Mr. W. Chappell. These are upwards of four hundred in number, and it can be proved that at least two hundred were in vogue before the time of the Commonwealth. We can scarcely over-estimate the industry and zeal shown by Mr. Chappell in his valuable and interesting work. He has produced, not an essay, not a history, not a music-book, but something that combines the nature of all these at once. The order of the work is chronological; every tune is printed with a bass accompaniment by the accomplished musician, Mr. G. A. Macfarren; its vicissitudes are described, the words that belong to it are given entire or in part, and every thing that can be found in the way of historical fact or contemporary allusion is brought to bear upon its illustration. The portions of the work to which we have referred are merely the introductions to the several sections. The main body of the book consists of a mass of erudition, no less copious than well digested, that can only be appreciated by a careful perusal. We give, however, a specimen of his plan by citing all that belongs to a tune called the "Hobby-Horse Dance," which we select merely on account of brevity:—

"HOBBY-HORSE DANCE.

"For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."  
—*Hamlet*, act iii., sc. 2.

"At Abbot's, or now Paget's, Bromley," says Dr. Plott, "they had, within memory, a sort of sport, which they celebrated at Christmas (on New-Year and Twelfth Day), called *The Hobby-Horse Dance*, from a person that carried the image of a horse between his legs, made of thin boards, and in his hand a bow and arrow, which, passing through a hole in the bow, and stopping upon a shoulder it had in it, he made a snapping noise as he drew it to and fro, keeping time with the musick. With this man danced six others. . . . They

danced the Hays, and other country dances. To this Hobby-Horse Dance there also belonged a pot, which was kept by turns by four or five of the chief of the town, whom they called Reeves, who pounded cakes and ale to put in this pot; all people who had any kindness for the good intent of the institution of the sport, giving pence a-piece for themselves and families, and so foreigners too that came to see it; with which money (the charge of the cakes and ale being defrayed) they not only repaired their church, but kept their poor too; which charges are not now perhaps so cheerfully borne."—*Natural History of Staffordshire*, fol. 1686, p. 434.

"There are several hobby-horse dances extant: one in *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666, in *Apollo's Banquet*, 1669 to 1693, and in some later collections; a second in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, i. 19, 1719; a third in the *Antitode to Melancholy*, 1719.

"In the Bagford Collection, there is a ballad to the first, entitled 'A new ballad of a famous German Prince [Rupert] and a renowned English Duke [of Albemarle], who, on St. James' Day, 1666, fought with a beast with seven heads called Provinces, not by land, but by water. Not to be said, but sung.' It begins:—

"There happened of late a terrible fray,  
Begun upon our St. James' Day.'

"To the second, D'Urfey wrote the song commencing 'Jolly Roger Twangdillo, of Plowden Hall;' and to the third, 'The Yeomen of Kent,' commencing—

"In Kent, I hear, there lately did dwell  
Long George, a yeoman by trade.'

"The last (slightly altered, and with the addition of *tol de rol* at the end) is the tune of the satirical ballad of 'The Vicar and Moses,' beginning—

"At the sign of the Horse, old Spintext, of course,

At night took his pipe and his pot;'

and, before that, seems to have served for a similar attack upon the Reliques exhibited by the Jesuits at the Savoy Chapel in the Strand, entitled 'Religious Reliques; or, The Sale at the Savoy, upon the Jesuits breaking up their School and Chapel' (1689). The following is the first stanza:—

"Last Sunday, by chance,  
I encounter'd with France,  
That man of upright conversation,  
Who told me such news  
That I could not choose  
But laugh at his sad declaration.  
Tol de rol, de rol, tol de rol la."

Late as it comes, Mr. Chappell's work is the only one of its kind. Years have elapsed

since the superficial Dr. Burney directed his energies to the depreciation of English music, and the exaltation of every thing foreign. The task of vindicating the musical character of our countrymen, by whatever expedient zeal could suggest and erudition supply, was reserved for Mr. Chappell—an archæologist

of the middle of the nineteenth century. His delightful volumes are a perfect treasure to every person who loves an English tune or an English song, as well as to all who take an interest in tracing an important département of popular literature, or the changes of national tastes and customs.

A VERY interesting discovery has been recently made at the very gates of Paris, viz., the tomb of a Celtic chieftain, interred more than twenty-five centuries ago, with the remains of his wife, his horse, and his armor, in the peninsula of St. Maur-les-Fosses. The spot is now called La Varenne Saint-Hilaire, and other discoveries lately made there seem to reveal the existence of a Celtic city of some importance in former times. This tomb, placed at a depth of barely thirty centimetres below the surface of the vegetable soil, which extends to a depth of more than a metre in this place, consists of two very distinct portions, the cromlech or consecrated enclosure, and the tumulus or tomb, placed in the interior, and enclosing the two human bodies and that of the horse. Near this part the tumulus enclosed two skeletons, in a very tolerable state of preservation, lying on their faces, the heads being slightly turned towards the south-east. That on the left side, the body of the warrior, was placed in a very regular position, the head resting between the two hands: the jaws were furnished with nearly all the teeth, twenty-five, of a beautiful whiteness with the enamel preserved. Near to him was found an arrow-head of bone, also a lance formed of deer's horn; part of a handle in oak, or fragment of a shaft, which by age had lost all weight, and had the appearance of cork. At the left of the interior of the cromlech, on several stones, placed no doubt for the purpose, were found the other arms of the chieftain, comprising a hatchet, or tomahawk, of polished flint, with a circular, sharp edge, and a hole through it for a handle; an arrow or javelin head; a broken knife; which, all of white flint, had lost their transparency owing to the effects of violent heat. Some fragments of pottery were also discovered, half-burnt, and presenting all the characteristics of the earthenware of the same period which has been found in many other places. At the right of the warrior, and in contact, lay the skeleton of his wife, in very much the same position, but still with some slight difference as to posture. Younger than the former, she must have been consigned to the tomb after a violent death. This curious monument has been presented by

M. Legay, the architect who discovered it and made the excavations, to the Minister of State, to be placed in the Museum des Thermes in the Hôtel Cluny.

**AMERICAN OUTRAGE ON THE EMPEROR.**—It has been said that the Americans admire Louis Napoleon, and in the event (*omen dii avertant*) of his supposed interests and those of England being antagonistic, the former would be favored by Brother Jonathan. Mr. Punch, however, can state upon the best authority, American authority, that this is not the case. In a leading article in the *New York Herald*, now lying before Mr. Punch, are these words:—

"We are seriously of opinion that if Louis Napoleon were not Emperor of the French, he would have made a first-rate newspaper Editor. His style is like that of the American papers."

Perhaps bitter, savage scorn of a man could hardly be carried further, and we would not reprint such an insult to the Emperor, but for the purpose of showing the extreme contempt in which respectable Americans appear to hold him. For ourselves, despite many objections we may have to His Majesty's antecedents, and relatives (including Plon-Plon) we by no means think so meanly of him as does the *New York Herald*.

#### TWO ACTORS.

THE father—eye with genius bright'ning—  
Read Shakspeare as by flash of lightning:  
The son, who lets all meaning slip,  
Reads Shakspeare as by farthing dip.

—Punch.

#### A TRIFLE FOR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

WHY is the world like some Irish gentlemen?  
Because it has no "ostensible means of support."

THE COINAGE OF SOCIETY.—Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.



## THE OLD KNIGHT'S TREASURE.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

SIR JOHN was old and grim and gray ;  
 The cares of sixty years he bore ;  
 The charm of youth had withered away  
 From his iron features long before.  
 In his dull, old house of blackened stone,  
 With servants quaint and tried and few—  
 For many a year he had lived alone,  
 As the harsh and the cold and the heartless do.

There was plate on his sideboard—plate of  
 price ;

His pouch had ruddy gold at need ;  
 And twenty men might well suffice  
 The lands he held by dower and deed.  
 He had lived—the world said—much too long,  
 Had sold his heart for wealth and power ;  
 And tales, they thought, of bygone wrong,  
 Would be wailed, too late, at his dying hour.

Beside the bed of grim Sir John—  
 The quaint old faded bed of state  
 Where, in the centuries dead and gone,  
 Had slept gray heads with a diadem's weight—  
 Beside his bed, and near at hand  
 To his easy-chair of oaken wood,  
 Fastened and strapped with bar and band,  
 A huge black casket ever stood.

No friend of his—they were far and few—  
 Had ever seen the opened lid ;  
 Not even the tongue of a servant knew  
 What thing of wealth the casket hid.  
 'Twas rumored that, at dead of night,  
 When shut and barred were window and door,  
 It opened to the old man's sight ;  
 But that was a rumor—nothing more.

Eyes glanced upon it, quick and keen,  
 And minds with doubt impatient swelled ;  
 What could these years of mystery mean ?  
 What could be the wealth the casket held ?  
 'Twas wondrous wealth—so much knew all ;  
 For these bold words the covering crossed :  
 "Remember, all, if harm befall,  
 Save *this*, whatever else is lost !"

Perhaps the red gold nestled there,  
 Loving and close as in the mine ;  
 Or diamonds lit the sunless air,  
 Or rubies blushed like bridal wine.  
 Some giant gem, like that which brought  
 The half a realm in Timour's day,  
 Might here, beyond temptation's thought,  
 Be hidden in safety : who could say ?

Sir John was dead. The needy heirs  
 Followed close and thick behind his bier,  
 Blending disgust at the tedious prayers  
 With a proper sob and decorous tear.  
 And scarce the sound of feet had died,  
 Closing the vault for his mouldering rest—  
 When rang the chisel—opening wide  
 That strange old guarded treasure chest.

What found they ? Faces darkened and frowned,  
 And curses smothered under the breath,  
 As the heavy lid was at last unbound,  
 And the heirs expectant looked beneath,  
 Not an acre—not a banquet more  
 Would all the wealth of the casket buy !  
 No wonder their faces this anger wore—  
 That curled the lip and flashed the eye.

What found they ? Top and whip and ball  
 And knife and cord—each veriest toy  
 That makes, through years of childhood, all  
 The merrier life of the bright-eyed boy !  
 For thirty years that lonely man  
 Had held, oh, dearer than honors won,—  
 Than the wealth that into his coffers ran—  
*The toys of his buried baby son !*

O human love ! O human grief !  
 Ye make your places wide and far ?  
 Ye rustle in every withered leaf,  
 Ye are heard, perhaps, where the angels are ?  
 In the coldest life may rise some wail,  
 O'er broken hopes and memories fond :  
 God help us, when we set the pale  
 That leaves one human heart beyond !

## OLD PAPERS.

As who, in idly searching o'er  
 Some seldom-entered garret shed,  
 Might, with strange pity, touch the poor,  
 Moth-eaten garments of the dead,—  
 Thus (to their wearer once allied)  
 I lift these weeds of buried woe,—  
 These relics of a self that died  
 So sadly and so long ago !

'Tis said that seven short years can change,  
 Through nerve and bone, this knitted frame,—  
 Cellule by cellule waxing strange,  
 Till not an atom is the same.

By what more subtle, slow degrees  
 Thus may the mind transmute its all,  
 That calmly it should dwell on these,  
 As on another's fate and fall !

So far remote from joy or bale,  
 Wherewith each dusky page is rife,  
 I seem to read some piteous tale  
 Of strange romance, but true to life.

Too daring thoughts ! too idle deeds !  
 A soul that questioned, loved, and sinned !  
 And hopes, that stand like last year's weeds,  
 And shudder in the dead March wind !

Grave of gone dreams !—could such convulse  
 Youth's fevered trance ?—The plot grows  
 thick ;—

Was it this cold and even pulse  
 That thrilled with life so fierce and quick ?

Well, I can smile at all this now,—  
 But cannot smile when I recall  
 The heart of faith, the open brow,  
 The trust that once was all in all ;—

Nor when—Ah, faded spectral sheet,  
 Wraith of long-perished wrong and time,  
 Forbear ! the spirit starts to meet  
 The resurrection of its crime !

Starts,—from its human world shut out,—  
 As some detected changeling elf,  
 Doomed, with strange agony and doubt,  
 To enter on his former self.

Ill-omened leaves, still rust apart !  
 No further ! 'tis a page turned o'er,  
 And the long dead and coffin heart  
 Throbs into wretched life once more.

—Atlantic Monthly.



"NEVER to bear arms against the Parliament!—never to be a soldier again!—scarcely to have a right to draw a sword! Ah, Mary! life would be dear at such a price, were it not that *you* had offered it; were it not that *your* will, your lightest word, is omnipotent with me. But oh! how I long to hear the trumpets sounding a charge again, and to see the sorrel in head-stall and holsters shaking his bit as he used to do. He's too good for any thing but a charger. Oh, if I could but ride him alongside of Prince Rupert once more!"

Half ashamed of his enthusiasm, the speaker's color rose, and he laughed as he glanced almost timidly at the lady he addressed.

She was tending some roses that drooped over the garden bench on which he sat. There was this attraction about Mary Cave that perhaps endeared her to the imagination more than all her wit and all her beauty—she was constantly occupied in some graceful, womanly task, and fulfilled it in such a graceful, womanly way. Were she writing a letter or threading a needle or engaged in any other trifling occupation, her figure seemed to take insensibly the most becoming attitude, her rich brown hair to throw off the light at the exact angle you would have selected for a picture, the roseate bloom to deepen into the very tint that accorded best with her soft, winning eyes. It was not her intellect, though that was of no inferior class; nor her form and features, though both were dangerously attractive: it was *her ways* that captivated and enslaved, that constituted the deadliest weapon in the whole armory of which, womanlike, she knew so well the advantage and the use.

As she pruned the roses and trained them downwards from their stems, shaking a shower of the delicate pink petals into the sun, she looked like a rose herself—a sweet, blooming moss-rose, shedding its fragrance on all that came within its sphere; the type of pure loveliness, and rich, bright, womanly beauty.

He thought so as he looked up at her, and his heart thrilled to the tones of her melodious voice. It was all over with him now—

"Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears,—a forked one."

She knew her power, too, and made no sparing use of it. They must be either slaves or tyrants, these women; and like fire, they make good servants but bad mistresses.

"You are better here than wasting your life in Gloucester gaol," answered Mary, "and you can serve the king as well with your head as with your hands. Any man with the heart of a man can be a soldier; there is not one in a million that will make a statesman. Do you think I would have taken such care of you if I had thought you fit for nothing better than the front-rank of one of Prince Rupert's foolhardy attacks?"

She asked the question with an inexpressibly mischievous and provoking air. She could not resist the temptation of teasing and irritating him on occasion; she loved to strike the keys, so to speak, and evoke its every sound, at whatever cost of wear and tear to the instrument itself. He winced, and his countenance fell at once, so she was satisfied, and went on.

"If you cannot serve the king on the sorrel's back, do you think you are of no use to the queen at her need here in Exeter? That poor lady, with her infant daughter, has but few friends and protectors now. A loyal and chivalrous gentleman always finds his post of honor in defending the weak. If you seek for danger you will find enough, and more than enough, in doing your duty by your royal mistress—in fulfilling the orders, Major Bosville, that I shall have the honor of conveying to you."

She laughed merrily and made him a grand courtesy as she spoke, spreading out her white robes with a mock and playful dignity. Mary did not often thus unbend, and he could not but confess to himself that she was inexpressibly charming so; yet would he have been better pleased had she been in a more serious mood too.

He rose from the garden-bench and stood by her, bending down over the roses, and speaking in a low, grave tone—

"I am ready, as you know, none better, to sacrifice life and all for the king's cause. Do me the justice to allow that I have never yet flinched a hair's-breadth from difficulty or danger. I desire no better fate than to shed my blood for his majesty and the queen. If I may not draw my sword with my old comrades, I may yet show them how to die like a Cavalier. My life is of little value to any one," he added in a somewhat bitter tone, "least of all to myself; and why should I be

regretted when so many that were nobler and wiser and better are forgotten?"

It was a random shaft, but it quivered in the bull's-eye. She shot a sharp, quick glance at him. Did he mean it? Was he too thinking, then, of Falkland? No! that pained, sorrowing countenance forbade the suspicion of any *arrière pensée*. Her heart smote her as she scanned it. She looked kindly and fondly at him.

"Are you nothing to me?" she said. "Should not I miss you and mourn you, and oh! do you think I could do without you at all? Hush! here comes Lady Carlisle."

In effect that lady's graceful figure, with its courtly gait and rustling draperies, was seen advancing up the gravel path to put an end to the *tête-à-tête*. Such interruptions are the peculiar lot of those who have any thing very particular to communicate; but we do not take upon ourselves to affirm that Mary's quick ear had not caught the sound of a door opening from Lady Carlisle's apartments ere she permitted herself to bestow on Humphrey such words of encouragement as made the June sunshine and the June roses brighter and sweeter than roses and sunshine had ever seemed before.

With his loyal heart bounding happily beneath his doublet, and a light on his handsome face that Lady Carlisle—no mean judge of masculine attractions—regarded with critical approval, he followed the two ladies into the antechamber of his royal mistress, now seeking with her new-born baby an asylum in the still faithful town of Exeter, one of the few strongholds in the kingdom left to the royal cause; and yet, alas! but a short distance removed from the contamination of rebellion, for Essex was already establishing his headquarters at Chard, and but two-and-twenty miles of the loveliest hill and dale in Britain intervened between the stern Parliamentary general and the now vacillating and intimidated queen.

It was a strange contrast to the magnificence of Whitehall, even to the more chastened splendors of Merton College, that quiet residence of majesty in the beautiful old town—the town that can afford to challenge all England to rival it in the loveliness of its outskirts and the beauty of its women. Exeter has always particularly plumed itself on the latter qualification; and many a dragoon of the present day, whose heart is no harder

under its covering of scarlet and gold than was that of the chivalrous Cavalier in buff and steel breastplate, has to rue his death-wound from a shaft that penetrated all his defences, when shot deftly home by a pair of wicked Devonshire eyes. Of the picnics in its vicinity, of the drives home by moonlight—of the strolls to hear "our band play," and the tender cloakings and shawlings, and puttings on of goloshes afterwards (for in that happy land our natural enemies likewise enjoy the incalculable advantage of an uncertain climate and occasional showers), are not the results chronicled in every parish register in England?—and do not the beadle at St. George's, Hanover-square, and other hymenial authorities, know "the reason why?"

The queen occupied a large, quiet house, that had formerly been a convent, on the outskirts of the town. Its roomy apartments and somewhat secluded situation made it a fitting residence for royalty, particularly for royalty seeking privacy and repose; while the large garden adjoining, in which the holy sisters had been wont to stroll and ponder, yearning, it may be, for the worldly sunshine they had left *without* the walls, formed a pleasant haunt for the queen's diminished household, and a resort on the fine June mornings of which Mary and Humphrey, who were both early risers, did not fail to make constant use.

Their duties about the queen's person had of late been unusually light. The birth, under circumstances of difficulty and danger, of a daughter, whose arrival on the worldly stage seemed to augur the misfortunes that, beautiful and gifted as she was, dogged her to her grave, had confined Henrietta to her chamber, and precluded her from her usual interference in affairs of state. The instincts of maternity were in the ascendant, and what were crowns and kingdoms in comparison with that little pink morsel of humanity lying so helplessly in her bosom? Well is it for us that we cannot foresee the destinies of our children; merciful the blindness that shuts out from us the long perspective of the future—the coming struggles we should none of us have courage to confront. Could Henrietta have foretold that daughter's fate, bound in her beauty and freshness for a weary lifetime to the worst of the evil dukes who bore the title d'Orleans, would she have hung over the tiny treasure with such quiet happiness? Would she have

neglected all besides in the world at the very faintest cry of the little new-born princess?

We must return to Humphrey Bosville and Mary Cave, and the terms of close friendship, to call it by no softer name, on which they now found themselves. Since his rescue from imminent death by her exertions, his devotion to her had assumed, if possible, a more reverential character than before. To owe his life to a woman for whom he had felt a slight attachment, would have been an obligation rather galling and inconvenient than otherwise; but to owe his life to the woman whom alone of all on earth he had loved with the deep absorbing fervor of which such a nature was capable, brought with it a sensation of delight which was truly intoxicating. It was such an additional link to bind him to her forever; it made him seem to belong to her now so thoroughly; it was such a good excuse for giving way to her most trifling caprices, and obeying her lightest whim. Come what might, he felt that they could never now be entirely independent of each other; so he entered the queen's service immediately on his return to Oxford, giving up his commission in the royal army, and resigning his right to wear a sword, as indeed the terms of his *parole* enjoined, with as little hesitation as he would have displayed in jumping with his hands tied into the Isis, had Mary only told him to do the one instead of the other.

It was no small inducement either to serve his royal mistress assiduously, that his situation in her household brought him into close and daily contact with his ladye-love. Probably at no period of his life before had Humphrey been so happy as during the few golden weeks of Henrietta's confinement at Exeter. To meet Mary day by day in the performance of his duty; to see her in every phase of courtly life, from the strict observance of etiquette to the joyous moments of relaxation, over which, nevertheless, the atmosphere of royalty shed a certain refinement and reserve; to admire her ready tact and winning bearing in all the different relations of a courtier's life; and above all, to walk with her morning after morning in those happy gardens, feeling that she too enjoyed and counted on their half-hour of uninterrupted conversation, and was little less punctual at the trysting-place than himself; all this constituted an existence for which it was very seldom he repined that he had bartered his life's ambition, his visions

of military distinction and renown. Mary, too, whose knowledge of human nature was far deeper than that of the generality of her sex, whose organization forced her to be calculating, so to speak, and provident even in her affections, Mary felt herself day by day losing much of the hard, stern, practical force of character that had encrusted and petrified her woman's heart. She was often surprised in her moments of reflection (for Mary was a rigid and severe self-examiner) to find how little interested she was comparatively in the progress of the royal cause—how satisfied she could be to remain idle week after week at Exeter—how happily she could bask away her time in the summer sunshine, wandering, but not alone, through those shady gardens. She was ashamed—yes, *ashamed*—to confess to herself how often the image of a certain kindly, handsome face, with its long love-locks and dark, drooping moustaches, rose between her mental vision and all considerations of duty, loyalty, and interest—aye, even between her deep sorrow and the memory of the dead. Yet the shame had in it a burning, thrilling happiness too; and though she threw up her haughty head, and a scornful smile curled her full lips as she pondered, she would not have had it otherwise if she could.

But she ruled him, nevertheless, with an iron hand. It is unnecessary to admit that the prominent and chief fault in this lady's character was that destructive quality which, forming, as it does, a principal ingredient in the noblest spirits, is yet perhaps the cause of more sorrow and suffering than all the cardinal vices (if such there be) put together—Pride, the bane of that resplendent being whom the angels themselves called "the Son of the Morning;" the awful and eternal curse of him who made his election "rather to rule in hell than serve in heaven." Pride was with Mary Cave as the very air she breathed. It prompted her to conceal and stifle, nay, even to mock at, the better feelings of her nature; to grudge the man that loved her the full and free confession to which, if he deserved any thing at all, he was fully entitled, and which would have made him the happiest Cavalier in England; to check and warp even his kind feelings, overflowing as they did with a fond and chivalrous devotion, that would have made a humbler woman's heaven, that she herself would have felt it a weary blank to be without; to embitter for him many a

moment that but for this would have been tinged with golden hues; and to goad and madden him for no fault of his own when most he needed soothing and repose.

He too had his share of pride, which she never seemed to acknowledge; but in his singleness of heart he sacrificed it to hers, as he did every thing else he had. She never knew, and he would never tell her, the long hours and days of grief that she had cost him. If he was sad, he suffered uncomplaining by himself. The kind look was always there to greet her; she never read reproach in the fond, frank eyes. She was his first love and his last, that was enough for him. It was a brave, confiding nature, this young gentleman's; simple and honest, and one that it had been a pity to see delivered over to bitter disappointment, reckless guilt, and wild remorse.

He did not understand women, poor boy! God forbid he ever should!

A council had been assembled, and the increasing hopelessness of the royal cause had called up a rueful expression of dismay on the faces of the queen's advisers as they stared blankly at each other. Jermyn had returned with but little encouragement from the king. Charles was hardly the man to see the shortest way out of a difficulty, and had been so accustomed to rely upon his queen for advice and assistance, that when he found himself in turn applied to by his wife, he was more than usually helpless and undecided. The queen's own advisers consisted but of the refuse of her party. Jermyn and a few subordinate courtiers were scarcely a crew to weather the storm when the ship was so crazy and the navigation so intricate. Goring's pregnant brain and reckless hand might have been useful now; but Goring was far away, drinking and counter-marching in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Ashburnham had retired from Weymouth before "the Coming Man," whose Ironsides had ere this perfected their drill on many a stricken field. Prince Maurice had lost so many men in the siege of Lynn, he could show no front to the dreaded and determined Essex. The enemy was near, aye, even at the very gates, and what was to be done?

At this crisis, weakened in body and disheartened in mind, Henrietta's royal spirit gave way. The determination was arrived at to sue the Parliamentary general for mercy,

and on the most plausible grounds of common courtesy and chivalrous forbearance towards a woman, to entreat Essex to tamper with his duty towards the Parliament, and to forfeit his own character by conniving at the queen's escape. Like many another measure of policy, this step originated, not in the council but in the bed-chamber.

Supported by a few of her weeping ladies, the queen came to the resolution of thus humbling herself before the Parliamentary general; and of those frightened and despairing women, among whom even Lady Carlisle had lost heart and courage, there was but one dissentient voice to this humiliating proposition. Need we say it was Mary Cave's?

"I would rather take my child in my arms," said she, when called on by her majesty to give her unbiassed opinion, "and placing myself at the head of our garrison here, march at once upon Essex's headquarters. I would cut my way through them, or leave my body on the field. If we succeeded, we should make a junction with the king in the north, and maybe restore the *prestige* of the royal arms; if we failed, 'tis but an honorable death after all, and one right worthy of a queen."

The old Bourbon blood rose for an instant to Henrietta's cheek, and she almost wavered in her purpose; but it ebbed back again chill about her heart as she thought of her helpless condition and her little crying child.

"It could not be," she said; "there was a limit to all things, even the courage of a queen. No; she would send a flag of truce to Essex, and a message he could not refuse to consider. But whom to send? Which of her courtiers would undertake the task? Savage reprisals were now the daily custom of the war; the white flag did not always secure the life of its bearer. Who would risk himself in the lion's den?"

"Perhaps Mrs. Mary will go herself?" suggested Lady Carlisle in her soft, smooth tones. "She fears nothing, so she says, but dishonor. She would be safe enough, methinks, with Essex."

Mary smiled proudly. "I have been in the rebel camp ere this," she said, "and it was your ladyship's self that bade me go; for that counsel I shall always feel grateful. Your majesty has one servant at least that will be proud to execute your will."

She glanced as she spoke to where Bosville,



with another gentleman of the chamber, stood in attendance in the next room. The queen smiled faintly, and stretched her thin hand towards Mary with a gesture of caress.

"He is a *preux chevalier, mămie*," she said, "and would go to the death, I believe, for you or me; though I think I know which is the queen that owns all *his* loyalty. I have watched him often, Marie, and I *know*." She nodded her head with something of her

old playful air, but she sighed after she spoke, and relapsed into the melancholy silence that was becoming habitual to her.

Was she thinking that, princess and sovereign though she were, in the bloom of her beauty and the heyday of her prosperity, she had never enjoyed such an unqualified dominion as was possessed by her undemonstrative waiting-woman, proud Mary Cave?

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—"FAREWELL."

EFFINGHAM had ere this made considerable progress in the favor of the party he had espoused. His knowledge of his profession, coupled with a certain reckless daring of temperament, had won him the good opinion of Cromwell, whilst his readiness of resource, deep reflection, and powerful intellect rendered him indispensable to Essex, Fairfax, and such of the Parliamentary generals as cherished liberal views of policy and an unselfish desire for the liberation of their countrymen. He had fought his way in a short space of time to the colonelcy of a regiment of Pikes, and was now advancing with Essex on Exeter at the head of some five hundred stout hearts, such as have made British soldiers from time immemorial the best infantry in the world. Proud of his command, conscious of doing his duty, rising rapidly in his profession and in the opinion of those who were in the fair road to guide the destinies of England, there was yet in Effingham's bearing a restlessness and a reserve that denoted a mind ill at ease with itself—an unquiet sadness that spoke of some deep anxiety—some bitter disappointment. His friendship with Simeon had grown to a close intimacy, and he seemed to derive much consolation and refreshment from the conversation of that stern enthusiast.

They were walking up and down in front of Essex's head-quarters at Chard—a square brick house in the centre of the village, from which the proprietor had been ejected with as little ceremony by the Puritan general as he could have been by any one of his noisy Cavalier opponents. They formed a strange contrast, the pair, as they paced to and fro, buried in deep discourse—the stalwart iron-looking soldier, with his tall figure and warlike air and dress, thus listening with such respectful deference to the soberly clad divine, whose eager gestures and speaking counte-

nance betrayed the flame of enthusiasm that consumed him, body and soul.

The guard was being relieved, with the customary noise and pomp of all military proceedings, not to be dispensed with even by the staid and sober Puritans; but the pair heeded not the clash of arms nor the clang of trumpets, and pursued their walk and their conversation regardless of aught but the topic which seemed to engross their whole attention.

"There is yet a black drop in thy heart, my brother," said Simeon, in his deep, impressive tones; "there is yet one jewel left that thou hast grudged to cast into the treasury—and if thou givest not thine all, of what avail is thy silver and gold, thy flocks and herds, thy raiment of needlework and thy worldly possessions? The daughter of the Canaanite is a fair damsel and a comely, but the children of the congregation have no dealings with the heathen, and she must henceforth be to thee as the forbidden food, and the plague-spot of leprosy—unclean! unclean!"

"It is hard," answered Effingham, and his voice betrayed how bitterly hard it was—"it is hard to give up my only dream of earthly happiness—the one bright ray that has lightened my existence all these weary months—that has cheered me in the bivouac, and encouraged me in the field. I am not like you, Simeon; would that I were! I cannot hold to the future alone, and resign this world and all it contains without a pang. I fear I am of the doomed—predestined to guilt—predestined to punishment. Lost! lost!"

He shuddered as he spoke, and yet something of the old Titan instinct, the daring of despair that bade the sons of earth confront the power of Heaven, in those old days when good and evil bore gigantic fruit here below—made him rear his head more proudly, tower above his comrades more erect and



bold, as he seemed in his rebellious imagination to "stand the shot."

"Whom He loveth He chasteneth," was Simeon's answer. "I tell thee, brother, once and again, it is not so. Thy fight is a stern and severe conflict, but it has been borne in upon me that thou shalt be victorious; and to him that prevaileth is given the crown of glory. I have wrestled for thee long and earnestly, and I shall not fail. Thou art as the drowning man, whose struggles serve but to drag down into the depths the friend that would save him from perdition. I tell thee, watch and pray!"

"I can watch," answered Effingham, bitterly; "none better." Sleep seldom visits my eyelids, and my waking is sad and painful indeed; but I can *not* pray!"

It was even so. The stubborn human will might be bent and warped from that which was, after all, a holy and God-given instinct, though fanaticism and superstition might vote it folly and sin; but the poor aching human heart could not force itself to supplicate at the throne of mercy for that forgetfulness which it felt would be a more bitter curse than all the pain it was now becoming inured to bear. Fallible sons of men! Simeon *felt* he was right; Effingham thought himself to be wrong. Both were arguing foolishly and presumptuously from strong human passions interpreted by fanaticism into revelations from on high.

George had struggled on wearily for months. In occupation and danger he had been striving hard to forget. He thought he was making sufficient progress in the lesson, when the sight of his old friend Bosville riding into Essex's camp under a flag of truce re-awakened all those feelings which he had fondly hoped were stifled, if not eradicated, and made him too painfully conscious that time and distance were not quite such effective auxiliaries as he had hoped.

The general had called in some of his principal officers to aid him in his deliberations; nor could he, according to his custom, come to any decision without the assistance of one or two Puritan divines. Caryl had already been sent for; and ere long a grim orderly trooper, who had been expounding to his comrades a knotty text of scripture with interpretations peculiarly his own, was despatched to summon Simeon to the Council,

and Effingham was left to pursue his walk and his meditations alone.

He did not remain uninterrupted for long. A bustle at the door of Essex's quarters, the clash of arms as the sentries saluted their departing officers, and the roll of a drum mustering a regiment of foot for inspection, announced that the Council was over; and Bosville, who contrary to his expectation had found himself treated with all the respect and consideration due to the bearer of a flag of truce, advanced toward his old comrade with his hand extended, and a frank air of greeting upon his face.

He looked somewhat flushed and disconcerted too—a thought angry, perhaps, and a little discontented besides, as he cast a soldier's eye up and down the ranks of an efficient battalion of pikemen, and thought he must never measure swords with the Roundheads again; but he was glad to see Effingham, nevertheless; and the latter's heart leapt within him for many reasons, to grasp a "Malignant" by the hand once more.

"I thought not we should ever have come to this, George," observed Bosville, half bitterly, half laughingly, after their first greeting was over. "When thou and I rode through Ramsay's pikes at Edgehill side by side, and drove them pell-mell right through their reserve and off the field, I little thought I should live to see myself a messenger of peace fit to be clad only in bodice and pinnars—for i'faith 'tis but a woman's work, after all—and thee, George, a rank rebel, openly in arms against the king. And yet, 'slife, man, were't not for thy company, I could find it in my heart to envy thee too. They behave well, these pikemen—hey, George? Dost remember how close the knaves stood upon the slope at Newbury?"

Effingham smiled absently. He was chafing to ask a hundred questions of his old comrade; and yet, bold, stout soldier as he was, his heart failed him like a girl's.

Bosville, too, was indignant at the ill success of his embassy; in the presence of Essex he had had the good taste and prudence to dissemble his generous wrath, but it required a vent, and blazed up afresh as he took the Parliamentary colonel by the arm, and they strolled out of ear-shot of the listening escort, already under arms to conduct the embassy back to his own lines.

"There is no chivalry amongst thy new friends, George," he proceeded, the blood rising to his handsome face. "You can fight, to do you justice, but there's nothing more of the lion about you than his courage. And as for your ministers! men of peace are they? More like croaking ravens and filthy birds of prey. Don't be offended, George; I am like a woman, you know, now, and the only weapon I have to use is my tongue. Faith, my blood boils when I think of the last hour's work. Essex is a gentleman, I grant you—I always thought so. We have both of us seen him walk his horse coolly along his line under a raking fire from our culverins; and he received my message with all the courtesy due to the emissary of a queen. It was not much we required. A safe-conduct for herself and child to Bath, or maybe Bristol, for her health's sake. She has suffered much, poor lady, and looks so thin and weak—so unlike what she was when we saw her at Merton, George, whilst thou wert *honest*. Well, he seemed to entertain the proposal at first; and one of his generals, a stout bluff-faced man—Ireton, was it?—voted point-blank in her favor, with some remarks, I am bound to admit, not flattering to the stability of our party, or the efficiency of her majesty's defenders. Had my position allowed it, I had taken leave to differ with him on that point, but I thought the bowl seemed to trundle with the bias, so I held my peace. Then his lordship turned to a spare, pale man in a Geneva band and black cassock, and asked him what he thought of the matter. Was that Caryl? So, I wouldn't be in *his* cassock, when the charity that covereth a multitude of sins is wanted to ward off punishment from *him*! My hands were bound, so to speak, or no man living, minister or layman, should have applied such terms to my royal mistress. Jezebel was the best name he called her; and if blasphemy and indecency be religion, my service to Dr. Caryl! Goring hasn't a match for him among his 'hell-babes' for piety! They seemed to believe in him devoutly, though, for all that; and I saw Essex waver as I can see *thee*, George, wince. Well, one ecclesiastic I suppose wasn't enough, for there came in another knave, without his ears too; would the hangman had done his work yeomanly when he was about it, and cut his tongue out as well. They asked his advice, man (grant me pa-

tience), as he had been a bishop! And what said the Crop-ear in reply? 'Go see now this cursed woman,' quoth he, 'and bury her, for she is a king's daughter.' And again—'What peace so long as the witchcrafts of Jezebel are so many?' The Devil can quote holy writ, we all know; but it was well they turned me out, to deliberate with closed doors, for I was almost beside myself with passion."

The Cavalier paused to take breath. His listener gazed at him wistfully, with a sort of pitiful interest.

"And what was the result of their deliberations?" he inquired. "I see they came to a speedy conclusion, for the escort is waiting even now to take you back."

"When I returned," answered Bosville, "the general looked grave and stern, I thought a little pained and grieved too. 'Tell those that sent you, Major Bosville,' he said, in a slow, deliberate voice, 'that if her majesty pleases, I will not only give her a safe-conduct, but wait upon her myself to London, where she may have the best advice and means for the recovery of her health; but as for either of the other places, I cannot obey her majesty's desires without directions from the Parliament. We will not blindfold you,' he added, courteously. 'You are welcome to take note, and report to their majesties on the men and munitions of war that you find in my camp.' So he dismissed me civilly enough. George, my mind misgives me, that I have come on a sleeveless errand."

"It is even so," answered Effingham, solemnly. "The truth is great, and it shall prevail. But tell me, Humphrey, of those you have left behind. We have but few minutes to spare, and perhaps we may never meet again, unless it be on a stricken field. What of those who were once my friends, who ministered to me in the house of bondage? What of Mistress Cave—of Sir Giles Allonby—of—of—his daughter?"

For reasons of his own Effingham hesitated as he put the question, the latter part of which alone, for reasons of *his* own, Bosville thought worthy of a reply.

"Sir Giles is hearty and busy as usual," he answered. "He has raised a large force of cavalry, and is with the king. Mistress Grace is anxious and ill at ease. As far as I can learn they say she grows pale and thin, and has lost her bright looks and joyous ways."

God forbid she should be really ailing, for if aught should befall her, it would go nigh to break old Sir Giles' heart."

He spoke without the slightest change of voice or color, and looked frank and straight into his companion's eyes, which nevertheless refused to meet his glance. It was hard to say whether grief, or joy, or anxious fear, was uppermost in Effingham's being at that moment.

"If you should chance to see her, Humphrey," he said, with a quivering, broken voice, "or to write to her mayhap, tell her that I sought tidings of her welfare, and Sir Giles, you know; and that—that—though I am a rebel, and a Roundhead and all, I have not for that forgotten them; and if ever the time comes that I can serve them, I will. Fare thee well! fare thee well!" he added, grasping Humphrey warmly by the hand as the latter mounted to depart. "Would that thou, too, couldst be brought to see the truth; but God bless thee, lad! Forget not George Effingham altogether, whatever comes uppermost."

He gazed wistfully after the horseman's retreating figure as the escort closed round their charge and disappeared. It was his last link with the old life that shone back in such glowing hues. A tear glittered on his shaggy eyelashes as he strode off towards his quarters.

"Weak! weak!" he muttered. "Unworthy, unprofitable servant. And yet perhaps even now she is not lost to me entirely and forever!"

Busville was destined to bring with him sad dismay into the mimic Court of Exeter. Like all weak minds in extremity, Henrietta had fully persuaded herself that the last card she played must win her the game; that this extreme measure of entreaty and humiliation could not but produce the result she so much desired. When it failed she was indeed at the utmost of her need. Indignation, too, mingled with alarm; and like some bitter tonic, helped to brace her mind into a sufficiently vigorous frame to come to some definite resolution. Impeached as she was of treason by both Houses of Parliament, this proposal of Essex thus to carry her into the very jaws of her enemies was almost tantamount to an insult; and the queenly spirit, not yet thoroughly broken, felt and resented it accordingly. The foe, too, was in far too close proximity to be pleasant. Exeter was

no longer a secure refuge, and she must depart. But whither? To join the king without bringing him supplies of men or money, was but to clog the sinking monarch's efforts at extrication, and to drag him deeper and deeper into the slough of his difficulties.

No part of England was safe from the dreaded Parliamentary army, numbering as it now did amongst its formidable soldiery such tacticians as Fairfax, and such strategists as Cromwell. There was but one haven left, and that was her native country. We may imagine the struggle in the mind of that proud though vain and frivolous nature, ere she could bring herself to return as a homeless suppliant, to the land she had left in her maidenhood a prosperous and queenly bride. She was altered, too, in her very person, and this to a woman added no inconsiderable ingredient to the bitterness of her cup. Sorrow and anxiety had hollowed the fair cheeks and clouded the brilliant complexion that in girlhood with fine eyes and delicate features had constituted such an attractive countenance; and the fresh bloom of her spring-time had withered sadly and prematurely ere 'twas May. It was with galling self-consciousness that she used to avow no woman could have any pretensions to beauty after two-and-twenty.

So the daughter of Henry of Navarre, and the wife of England's king, must fly for her very life to the sea-board of her adopted country, must embark from Falmouth in a Dutch man-of-war, attended by sundry lighter craft, to the speediest of which it might prove necessary to entrust the destinies of a queen; must sustain the insult of being fired on by her own navy—for Warwick's squadron, stationed in Tor-bay, actually gave chase to the royal lady—and must land in poor and desperate plight on the shores of her brother's kingdom, to seek the repose and safety denied her in her own.

All these events, however, are matters of history; and except in so far as they affect the proceedings of those subordinate dolls whose strings in our puppet-show we have undertaken to pull, they will bear neither relation nor comment at the humble hands of the mere story-teller, who can only flutter to and fro *tenui pennâ* through the shaded gardens of Fiction, but dare not trust his feeble pinions to soar aloft into the dazzling sunshine of Fact.

Mary Cave followed her royal mistress to the very shallop in which she left the British shore. It was but a small household she carried with her from England; and, though Mary would fain have accompanied her, it was agreed that her talents could be more usefully employed at home, and that living quietly in retirement here she might still aid the royal cause with all the energies of her astute and far-seeing intellect, whilst she could keep a watchful eye on the state of public opinion, and communicate constantly and unreservedly by means of their own cipher with Henrietta in France.

To one of the household, this arrangement was the only consolation for a parting which he felt far more painfully than even *he* had expected. By Mary's wish he had consented to follow the fortunes of his royal mistress, who was nothing loth to retain the services of one who had already proved himself so willing and devoted; but it was with a heavy heart, and a foreboding of evil by no means natural to his temperament, that Humphrey took leave of his lady-love on the morning of the embarkation at Falmouth.

He was saddened, too, to think that for the last few days her manner to him had been colder and more reserved than it usually was. She had studiously avoided every chance of a private interview, had, apparently, wantonly and unfeelingly neglected every hint and allusion that he had ventured to make as to his wish of seeing her alone once more to bid her "farewell;" and had shown, to his thinking, an amount of heartlessness and carelessness of his feelings, which grieved him as it would have angered another.

Humphrey, though a young man, was no inexperienced soldier. He had assisted ere this at the scaling of many a rampart, the assault of many a beleaguered town; yet it never occurred to him that the last efforts of the besieged are desperate in proportion to their extremity—the resistance never so obstinate as on the eve of surrender. The weak are sometimes cruel, and a stern front is often but the mask that hides a failing heart.

He was leaving the queen's apartments to make preparations for her majesty to go abroad. He walked moodily and sadly, for he thought he should not see Mary again, and he was wondering in his simple faith how he could have offended her, and why she should thus think it worth while to grieve him, when

perhaps they might never meet again. Like a child unjustly punished, he was less irritated than spirit-broken. Alas! like many a brave and gallant man, he was a sad coward, if only attacked in the right place.

A door opened in the gallery of the hostelry honored by the presence of royalty. Mary advanced towards him, holding out her hand.

"I am come to wish you good-by," she said in her kind, frank tones. "I looked for you an hour ago in the gallery. Humphrey," she added, her voice trembling as she marked his whole countenance flush and soften, "I have used you ill. Forgive me. I did not mean it—at least I did not mean to make you so unhappy," and she gave him ever so slight a pressure of that warm, soft hand—that hand which only to touch he would at any time have given a year of his life.

He was a sad coward in some things we have already said. He bent over the white hand without speaking a word, but she felt the hot tears dropping on it as he lifted his head and tried to smile unconcernedly in her face.

They were both silent. Had any eaves-dropper been watching them in that long gallery, he would have thought the gentleman a strangely uncourteous gallant—the lady a dame of wondrously stiff and reserved demeanor.

Humphrey spoke at length, scarcely above a whisper.

"It is no use," he said. "I am a bad dissembler. Mary, you know all. Only give me one word, one kind word of hope, before I go. I will treasure it for years!"

Again that faint, scarcely perceptible pressure of the hand he had never relinquished.

"The task must be accomplished first," she murmured. "'Loyalty before all.'"

He raised her hand to his lips, and imprinted on it one long, passionate kiss. Either by accident or design a bow of pink ribbon which she wore on her sleeve had become detached. Somehow it remained in his grasp when she was gone.

The wind blew fresh off-shore, and the Dutchman made gallant way, whilst Humphrey stood on deck, and watched the dim headlands of his home with a strange, wistful glance that was yet mingled with triumph and joy.

Had he not won his decoration? And was not his heart beating against the ribbon of his Order?



THE undulating prairie of rich grazing ground which stretches far and wide round Market Harborough was blooming a brighter green in the declining rays of a hot June sun, sinking gradually to tip the wooded crests of Marston Hills with gold. Beeves of huge proportion and promising fatness, all unconscious of the dangerous proximity of two hostile armies, grazed contentedly in the sunlight, or ruminated philosophically in the shade. Swarms of insects quivered in the still, warm air; the note of thrush and black-bird, hushed during the blaze of noon, was awakening once more from tangled hedgerow, leafy coppice, and deep woodland dell, dense and darkling in the rank growth of midsummer luxuriance. Anon the quest's soft, plaintive lullaby stole drowsily on the ear, from her forest home amid the oaks of Kilmars, or the tall elm-grove nodding on Dingley's distant hill. It was a scene of peace, prosperity, and repose. What had they to do there, those burnished head-pieces and steel breastplates, flashing back the slanting sunbeams, and glittering like gold in all the pomp and panoply of war.

It was a goodly sight to see them, too, as they wound slowly along the plain, those stalwart troopers on their tall chargers, with their dancing plumes and their royal guidons waving above the track of yellow dust that floated on their line of march,—to mark their military air, their practised discipline, their bold, bronzed faces, and the stately form of their commander with his white moustache and his keen, blue eye. 'Tis the vanguard of the royal army, now, in consequence of the king's counter-march from Daventry, forming its rear. These are the flower of Prince Rupert's cavalry, the survivors of the rout of Marston Moor—the remnant of Sir Giles Allonby's brigade—the swordsmen that will follow that daring old man, as long ago he trusted they would at Oxford, “through and through a stand of pikes once and again on a stricken field.” They have fought and bled and conquered and retreated since then. Sir Giles looks a thought older and more worn about the face, the beard is whiter and the locks thinner, but the spare form, the gallant seat on horseback, lithe and erect as ever.

See! a noble-looking Cavalier, followed by a toiling aide-de-camp, who has tired two horses to-day in attending the hasty move-

ments of his chief, dashes up at a gallop from the rear. Sir Giles salutes him with military precision and an air of frank admiration he is at no pains to conceal. With all his recklessness, there is but one cavalry officer in the world, so thinks Sir Giles, and that is Rupert.

The prince's words are short, peremptory, and to the point.

“Throw forward an outpost on Naseby Village, Sir Giles. The scout-master reports no enemy within sight, but Fairfax cannot be far off—best to make sure. Send young Dalyson in command. I owe him a chance for Marston Moor—bid him double his picket and mind his videttes! Good even to you!”

The prince had already turned his horse's head to depart. Sir Giles hesitated, Dalyson was but a boy—bold as a lion, but wild as a hawk; his nineteen summers had hardly given him experience for so critical a duty, and though at Marston Moor, his maiden field, he had behaved like a hero, Sir Giles mistrusted the “young one” might be out-manœuvred by some of those Parliamentary veterans ere he was aware.

“Lieutenant Dalyson is a very inexperienced officer,” hazarded Sir Giles; but the prince, turning a deaf ear, was already on the gallop, and the old soldier knew his duty too well not to obey orders, at whatever cost to his own private apprehensions. With no slight misgivings, he gave the delighted young officer his instructions, lavishing on him all the stores of caution and experience he had to bestow. He called out, moreover, a grim, ancient-looking personage from his own especial escort, and accosting him by the name of Sergeant Dymocke, bade him accompany the party, adding in a low tone, “I think I can trust *you* not to be surprised.”

It needed but the grim smile with which the compliment was accepted to identify our old acquaintance, who, having left the service of Major Bosville, temporarily, and under protest, during the latter's absence in France, was now doing a turn of soldiering to keep his hand in. He was yet too young, as he told the expectant Faith, to settle permanently in life.

Sir Giles, pursuant to his orders, held on with the main body for Market Harborough, whilst the party he had detached, striking into a sharp trot, made the best of their way for Naseby Village.

The dews of evening were falling heavily, and the twilight darkening into night, ere they reached their destination. For the last mile or two, under the sergeant's influence, great caution had been observed, flankers thrown out, and an advanced and rear-guard detached from the little party, till, as Dalyson laughingly observed, "there was nothing left to form the main body but himself and his trumpeter."

Still there seemed to be no vestige of the enemy, the few peasants that could be questioned at that late hour were either too ignorant or too stupid to give any intelligence, and on arriving at the village, the young officer's first care was rather to refresh his men and horses, than to pry about in the darkness, looking for that which did not seem to exist.

In the royalist army so many born gentlemen rode in the ranks as simple privates, that there was but a narrow line of demarcation drawn between officers and men. It was therefore no breach of etiquette, though it argued culpable negligence for the officer to dismount his party in the small hostelry at Naseby, calling for the best, after the fashion of royalists, and making his men welcome as they dropped in after seeing their horses fed, and drew round the old oak table, which bears to this day the marks of many a wild carousal dinted on its surface. He would have unsaddled, had it not been for the expostulation of the sergeant, who with difficulty persuaded three or four of the troopers to forego their suppers and accompany him on his look-out.

The rest of the party were drinking "The King," or "The Ladies," or some such customary toast, when a couple of shots ringing through the still night air, within two hundred paces, and the warning of the trumpeter pealing out the alarm of "boots and saddles," startled them from their carouse. Alas! too late. Ireton's troopers were upon them! Dymocke and his scouts galloping in upon their comrades, would certainly have been shot by mistake had the Cavaliers been a little more on the alert. It was the sergeant's pistols that had given the alarm.

The royalists, half of them dismounted, and all unformed, were ridden down like sheep by the disciplined Parliamentarians. Such as accepted quarter were taken prisoners, but Dalyson paid for his negligence with his blood. He had doffed his steel morion and his breast-

plate. Alone, with his head bare and his buff coat open, he sustained the shock of the leading files and the points of some half-dozen thirsty blades. He was dead ere he fell from the saddle, and of all his followers not one escaped save the wily sergeant, who with his usual imperturbability, when he saw all was lost, turned his bridle and rode for his life. The darkness of the night and his own familiarity with the country (for in happier times he and his old master had hunted and hawked over all that wide champaign, till they knew it every inch) favored his escape, and he set his horse's head straight for the old Hall at Lubenham, where Charles lay sleeping in fancied security.

That locality is celebrated for its exhaustive properties on the equine race. We question, nevertheless, if it ever witnessed a steed more thoroughly jaded and overdone, than the panting animal that shook its reeking sides at Lubenham gate, as Hugh banged and shouted at the fastened door to arouse the sleeping inmates of the Hall.

Though we dwell not habitually in kings' houses, we take the privilege of the storyteller's ubiquity to peep at Charles Stuart in his humble sleeping-room at old Lubenham Hall.

The face on which the night-lamp throws its shaded rays looks careworn and anxious even in slumber. The doomed expression which he has borne all his life comes out more strongly now on the haggard brow, and the features sharpened by suspense and toil. Yet, sleeping or waking, there is a certain trustful confidence on that face still, the inner light a pure, unspotted nature breaking through the clouds of vacillation and incompetency. That breast on which in its deep-breathing heaves a golden locket containing his queen's hair, his queen, who has forgotten him already, whom he has not seen for more than a year, whom he shall never see on earth again—that breast may and does ache with sorrow, but it knows not the sting of remorse. Not even now, though the perspiration starts upon his forehead, and his white hands clench themselves rigidly in the agony of his dream. And this was Charles' dream the night before Naseby field:—

He stood with Strafford in the condemned cell. The cell in his own royal Tower of London, which he had never seen, and yet it seemed strangely familiar in its hideous ar-

rangements and its gloomy security. The minister sat in his splendid dress of state, yet there were handcuffs on the slender wrists under his lace ruffles, and the jewelled garter at his knee contrasted with the heavy clanking fetters of the condemned nobleman. He knelt before his sovereign, but it was not to plead for pardon or reprieve. Those entreaties were not to save Strafford, but the king. He implored his master not to trust to arms; at least, not now.

"To-morrow," said he, "I die on Tower-hill. I beseech your majesty to accept the sacrifice. I give back your majesty's generous promise of interference. I die willingly for the crown; but I can foresee the course of destiny at this my last hour, and I implore your majesty that mine may be the only blood spilt under to-morrow's sun!"

The royal impulse was stronger in the sleeping monarch at Lubenham, than it had been in his waking earnest in the day of power at Whitehall, and he seemed to strive with the futile efforts of a dreamer to unclasp the fetters of his councillor and his friend.

"I will save you," quoth Charles, in his vision. "Are these not my walls, my gaolers? Is not this my own royal Tower of London?"

And he beat with bruised hands and noisy blows against the iron door of the doomed man's cell. In the struggle he awoke, and the awe-stricken monarch, sitting up in bed to listen, with a pale, wet face, was aware that the noise of his dream was not entirely the work of fancy, but that an express with important information was even then battering for admittance at the door.

We pass over Dymocke's cool and concise report, as unmoved in the presence of royalty as when galloping for his life from Ireton's deadly troopers. The king, dressing himself hastily, and accompanied only by two or three startled gentlemen of his household, was in the saddle ere his informant had answered half his questions, and rode at a gallop into Harborough, to his nephew's quarters, where he summoned a hasty council of war to assemble on the spot. The early summer morning of the 14th of June, was already breaking, when Rupert, Digby, Ashburnham, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and a few others met to decide the fate of the royal cause. The hot prince, for all his haste and bold impetuous bearing in a charge, was no mean strategist, and, contrary to his wont, counselled re-

treat. Digby and Ashburnham, reckless at the wrong time, opposed him strongly, and urged an immediate engagement. The king, flushed with the late news of Montrose's victory a month before at Auldearne, and prompted by his unaccountable instinct always to choose the most injudicious course, decided on battle. The gallant Rupert, perhaps for the first time in his life, made ready to go into action with an unwilling heart.

Leaving the royal column marching in the cool prime of the bright June morning over the hills towards Naseby, eager and anxious to meet the enemy, whose movements they have been dodging and watching so many weary days, we must take a glimpse at the Parliamentary army, now a compact, well-disciplined, and numerous force, taking up the strong position which they held so stubbornly during the day; and from the selection of which, and his consequent victory, he who led their right wing found himself ere another lustre had elapsed, the occupant of a throne.

Cromwell had effected his junction with Fairfax the evening before, bringing to that commander the efficient aid of his own cool resolution and his formidable, well-trained Ironsides, by this time the best cavalry in Europe. When Ireton's advanced guard had driven in the Cavalier outpost on the previous evening, they had discovered that the plain in front of Naseby Village was still unoccupied. With grim satisfaction and practised skill, the Parliamentary general took up the strongest position that the ground admitted of—Fairfax, throwing forward his left, and lining the thick boundary hedge which divides the manors of Sulby and Naseby with dismounted dragoons, thus doubly protecting his baggage (drawn up in battle order behind his left), his communications and line of retreat if necessary and his rear, occupied the centre in person, where he had placed the bulk of his heavy guns on a commanding slope to the north of the village, whence they could play upon any attacking column advancing up the hill, and open an enflading fire on any flank movement of the enemy, should he show himself above the crest of the opposite eminence. Cromwell, as lieutenant-general of the Parliamentary horse, commanded the right wing, composed chiefly of his own invincible Ironsides, supported, as was the practice in those days, by a stout and trusty *tertia*\* or two of

\* Equivalent to a battalion.

foot. His extreme right, again, rested on an abrupt declivity and a succession of broken ground, which must effectually discomfit any attempt at turning his flank, whilst the downward slope in front of him, and the open nature of the plain, offered a tempting opportunity for one of those irresistible charges with which, when once *the pace is in them*, cavalry sweep all before them. Skill and experience had done their utmost to make the best of that position on the celebrated arena where the decisive struggle was fought out between the king and his parliament.

To return to the humble actors in our drama. Effingham, commanding his trusty regiment of Pikes, was placed in support of Ireton's Horse on the left wing—a duty which his previous experience rendered peculiarly suitable to the old officer of royalist cavalry. With a critical eye he reconnoitred the ground upon his flanks and front, taking advantage of a few wet ditches and a marshy surface to render his position less assailable by cavalry, and retiring somewhat to afford greater protection to Bartlett's waggon-train in his rear. He had scarcely made his arrangements, and was in the act of emptying his haversack of his frugal breakfast, when a horseman rode rapidly up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, pointed to the dark columns of the Parliamentarians deploying slowly into line along the crest of the acclivity on his right, and preparing to pour their masses with every advantage of ground into the plain.

"Brother," exclaimed the horseman, "the armies are gathering to the slaughter. Lo! the eagles are already hovering over the plain of Armageddon. Verily it is the day of the Lord."

Effingham looked up astonished. The voice was that of Simeon, but the armed figure in buff and breastplate, and morion, sitting so soldier-like upon his horse, was a strange contrast to the preacher in his black gown and Geneva band, to whose exhortations he had himself listened patiently on the eve of battle the day before.

The divine marked his surprise with a grim smile. "The harvest indeed is ripe," said he, "but the reapers are few, therefore have I, Simeon the persecuted, entreated permission of the man of destiny, even Cromwell, that I might this day cast in my lot with his men of war, and charge, brother, through and through the Amalekites in the front rank of his Iron-

sides! Horse and armor have been provided for me even as the ravens provided Elijah with food, yet lack I still a sword. I put not my trust in the arm of the flesh; but methinks, with a long straight basket-hilted blade of keen temper I could do somewhat to further the good work. Hast thou such an one by thee, to lend for an hour or so?"

Effingham could not help smiling as he sent a sergeant to the rear, where, amongst his baggage, such a weapon was indeed to be found. Pending its arrival the soldier-divine and the commandant of pikes, sharing their frugal meal, watched the movements of the enemy with an increasing interest.

Already the king's baggage and rear-guard had taken up their position, just beyond the opposite eminence of Broad-moor, whence, though not a mile distant, the gradual rise of the ground prevented their discerning more than an occasional standard or the fluttering pennon of a lance. The plain between was still unoccupied; but gradually troop after troop of horse wound slowly into sight, extending themselves towards their proper right where those green impervious hedges concealed the deadly musketeers, and supported by dark masses of infantry, above whose serried forest of shafts the steel pike-heads flashed dazzling in the morning sun."

"I can make out no guns," observed Effingham, straining his eyes till they watered. "And by the standard, I judge Charles himself occupies the centre. What a force of cavalry he must have! I can see them swarming by the young plantation on his far left. This will be a heavy day for England, Simeon!"

"Rather say a day of wrath and retribution for the ungodly," replied the fanatic, poising and examining with a critical eye the heavy blade which had just been put in his hands. "'For this day shall the wine-press be trodden out, and blood shall come out of the wine-press, even to the horse bridles.' Fare thee well, my brother! Lo! I gird my sword upon my thigh, and go my ways even into the forefront of the battle!"

As he spoke he set spurs to his charger, and galloping along the rear made the best of his way to where Cromwell was marshalling his cavalry on the extreme right. Effingham, gazing after his retreating figure, marvelled to note the warlike air and consummate horsemanship of the formidable divine.



He had little leisure to observe him, though, for a dropping fire flashing from the masking blackthorn hedge announced that the Royalist right was advancing, whilst the heavy "boom" of Fairfax's ordinance proclaimed that ere long the action would be general along the whole line.

A few detached skirmishers dotting the plain, and reckless of the withering fire they sustained, dashed boldly out to clear the boundary hedge of its dangerous occupants, and succeeded so far as to drive the dismounted musketeers back upon their supports. Ireton, fearing a panic, which might endanger his whole left, ordered a brigade of cavalry to their assistance; and Rupert's eagle eye spying the flank movement at a glance, the prince seized the opportunity, and advancing his whole wing at a gallop, gave the word to "Charge!"

The Royalist trumpets ring out merrily as the best blood of man and horse in England comes sweeping down the slope. There is Rupert with his short red cloak floating on the breeze, three horses' lengths in front of Britain's proudest cavalry, waving his sword above his head, and shouting "God and Queen Mary;" "For the king! for the king!" There is his brother Maurice, with calm, indomitable energy and stern knitted brows; ever and anon glancing warily behind him at the line of which, even at the moment of contact, he hopes to preserve the even regularity. There is gentle Northampton, like a Paladin of romance, with a hero's arm, a lion's heart, and a woman's smile upon his face. There is fierce Sir William Vaughan, grim and unmoved in the onset of battle as in the manœuvres of parade; and old Sir Giles, swaying so easily to the long regular stride of that good sorrel horse, the property of one who would fain have been on him now—his eye sparkling with delight and a cheerful smile curling his moustaches as he thinks of his pet brigade behind him, and chuckles to reflect how he will have the knaves through a stand of pikes yet; for he sees the grim steel-headed forest dark and lowering between the squadrons of the enemy. Every man has his favorite theory, and Sir Giles holds that cavalry properly led ought to break any infantry in the world. He is spurting to its demonstration even now.

Ireton is too good an officer not to rectify his mistake. He forms line like lightning,

and advances to meet them; but the Royalists are irresistible, and although the hill is somewhat against them, those gallant horses fail not in their pace, and they ride down the wavering Roundheads with the very impetus of their charge.

In vain Ireton shouts and gesticulates and curses, Puritan though he be, both loud and deep. A pistol-shot disables his bridle arm, and a sabre-cut slashes his brave, stern face. "God with us!" gasps the general—for the rebels, too, have their battle-word—and he cleaves the last assailant to the brisket: but he is faint and exhausted, and his share of the battle is wellnigh lost. Through and through the Roundhead horse ride the maddened Cavaliers, shouting, striking, spurring wildly on, every heart afire to follow to the death where the short red cloak flashes like a tongue of flame through the dust and smoke of the encounter.

But the torrent is checked—the tide is turned at last. Sir Giles Allonby, catching sight of Effingham's regiment, calm and immovable like a rock amongst the breakers, shouts to his men to follow him, and makes a furious dash at the enemy. Another voice, clear and full as a trumpet-blast, rings above the confusion of the *mêlée*.

"Steady, men!—form four deep! Advance your pikes!—stand to your pikes!" are the colonel's confident orders; and the resolute veterans he commands know only too well that, if once broken, they have nothing to hope for. They have met Prince Rupert before: so they set their teeth and stand shoulder to shoulder, fierce and grim, like the old "Die-hards" they are. The wet ditches and yielding nature of the ground, sapped by springs of running water, destroy the impetus of Sir Giles' charge, and the fiery old soldier can but reach his enemy at a trot. Nevertheless, so good is the sorrel, so resolute his rider, and so well backed up by a few of his gallant followers, that the old knight, striking madly right and left, forces his way completely through the front rank of the pikemen, and only finds himself unhorsed and bleeding in the very midst of the enemy, when it is too late to do aught but meet the death he has so long tempted, fearless and unshrinking, like a man.

A dozen pike-heads are flashing round the prostrate Cavalier; a dozen faces with the awful expression, not of anger, but of stern

pitiless hatred, are bending their brows and setting their teeth for the death-thrust, when Effingham's arm strikes up the weapons, and Effingham's voice interposes to the rescue.

"Quarter, my lads," exclaims the colonel. "For shame, men!—spare his gray head. He is my father!"

If ever falsehood counted to the credit side of man's account, surely this one did; and it speaks well for Effingham's control over his men and their affection to his person, that even at such an appeal they could spare a foe red-handed.

"Sir Giles," whispered the colonel, "with me you are safe. Your wounds shall be looked to. You are my prisoner, but I will answer for your life with my own. We shall stand our ground here, I *think*;" then added in a louder tone to a sergeant, "Catch that sorrel horse! 'Tis the best charger in England, and I would not aught should befall him for Humphrey's dear old sake!"

Sir Giles sat ruefully on the ground, and uttered not a word, for he was pondering deeply. He was wounded in two places, and the blood streamed down his white locks and beard, but of this he seemed utterly unconscious. At last he spoke, in the thoughtful tone of a man who balances the *pros* and *cons* of some knotty argument:—

"It was those wet ditches that did it," quoth the old Cavalier, with a sigh. "They broke our stride and so disordered us; otherwise, if we'd come in at a gallop, I still maintain we should have gone through!"

The check sustained by Sir Giles' brigade had meantime somewhat damped the success of the Royalist wing. Half the horses were blown, and from the very nature of cavalry it is impossible to sustain the efficiency of a charge for any lengthened period. Some horses tire sooner than others; men get excited and maddened; some go too far—others have had enough;—all separate. And that which, half a mile back, was an irresistible and well-ordered onset, becomes a mere aimless and undisciplined rush, like a scatter of beads when the string breaks.

Ere Rupert had reached the baggage under Naseby Village, he found himself accompanied by scarce half his force. The baggage guard, entrenched behind their wagons, met him with a dropping fire. They presented a resolute and formidable front; the example of their comrades encouraged them to resistance,

and their defences and position rendered them a dangerous enemy for blown and disordered cavalry to attack. The prince summoned them to surrender.

From the centre of his fortress rose the grim reply, in Bartlett's loud, fearless tones—

"God with us! Make ready, men, and fire a volley!"

A few Cavalier saddles were emptied. The prince knew well that he had gone too far. With voice and gesture he strove to rally his followers, who had now got completely "out of his hand;" and wheeling the small body that he could retain in his command rapidly along the eminence, he turned to see how fared the battle in the plain below.

Rupert was a thorough soldier. It needed no second glance to satisfy him that the day was indeed lost; and that all he could now do was to hasten back with his division on the centre, where the king himself commanded in person, and endeavor to cover that retreat which was fast degenerating into a rout.

The same courage, the same dash and mettle of man and horse, that had demoralized Prince Rupert's division, had, when tempered by discipline, crowned the Ironsides with victory. The future Protector, advancing his cavalry by alternate brigades, and retaining a strong reserve to turn the tide in the event of any unforeseen catastrophe, moved steadily upon the left wing of the enemy almost at the same moment that the corresponding onset of the Royalists sustained its first check from the grim resistance of Effingham's pikemen. Cromwell's thorough familiarity with cavalry manœuvres enabled him to take every advantage of the ground, and his leading squadrons came down upon Sir Marmaduke Langdale's division with the force and velocity of a torrent. Regardless of a withering volley from Carey's musketeers, placed in support of the Royalist cavalry, he drove the latter from their position, and their further movements being impeded and disordered by the nature of the ground into which he had forced them—a treacherous rabbit warren and a young plantation—they fell back in confusion upon their supports, consisting of two regiments of North-country horse, whom they carried with them to the rear, despite of the efforts and entreaties of the gallant Sir Marmaduke and the Yorkshire officers. Cromwell saw his advantage, but was not to be led away by the brilliancy of

his success into a departure from those tactics which he had studied so long and so effectually. Despatching a less formidable brigade in pursuit, he kept the Ironsides well in hand; and perceiving an advance of the king's centre, already checked and disordered by the heavy fire of Fairfax's ordnance, let them loose upon the flank of the Royalists at the happy moment when their cavalry were wavering and their infantry deploying into line.

Now came the fiercest of the carnage. The famous "Blue Regiments," forming with Lord Bernard Stuart's Life Guards the flower of the king's cavalry, sustained the charge of the rebels with their usual devoted courage and gallantry. Half the noblest names in England were striking for their lives—ay, and more than that, their honor and their order and their king! The gentle Norman blood was flowing free and fast, as it has ever flowed when deeds of chivalry and daring have been required; but the stubborn Saxon element was boiling too in the veins of many a stalwart freeman; and those iron-clad warriors, in their faith and their enthusiasm, and the flush of their success, were *not* to be denied. Hand to hand and steel to steel, it was the death-grapple of the war; and he who played his bold stake to win a kingdom on that ghastly board spared not his own person in the encounter. Wherever blows were going thickest, there was Cromwell's square form and waving arm; there was the eagle eye, the loud confident voice, the cool head, unmoved and resolute on the field as in the council; while not a lance's length behind him, smiting like a blacksmith on the anvil, and pouring with every blow a prophet's malediction on the enemy he struck to earth, Simeon the persecuted took ample vengeance on the Royalists for the inhumanity of their Star Chamber and his own cruel mutilation.

Like all non-combatants, when his blood was really up he fought as madly as a Berserker; and many a goodly warrior, many a practised swordsman, went down to rise no more before the sweeping arm and the deadly thrust of him who represented a teacher of that religion which has long suffering for its foundation, and mercy for its crown.

And now the Ironsides are almost upon the king's centre, where, pale yet firm, the monarch rides in person, longing, for all his stately demeanor and enforced reserve, to strike in amongst the fray. With the one

exception of his father, not a Stuart of the line ever shrank from personal danger; and had Charles's moral courage been equal to his physical, the grazier's son had not been now within a hundred paces, stretching with bloody grasp at his crown.

A desperate rally is made by the Cavaliers, and Colonel St. George, recognizing Cromwell, deals him such a sabre stroke on the helmet as knocks the morion from his head and leaves him bare and defenceless, but cool and courageous as ever. The effect upon his Ironsides is encouraging rather than the reverse; they believe him to be under the especial protection of Heaven, as they believe themselves to be the veritable saints that shall inherit the earth. A reversion they seem well content to fight for to the death; the enthusiastic Simeon perceives his plight, and bringing his horse alongside of him, unfastens his own helmet and forces it on his chief. In the hurry Cromwell places it reversed on his head, and thus armed, fights on more fiercely than before. Does no secret sympathy tell him he is battling over his very grave?—not to-day, bold, unswerving man; not till thou hast fulfilled thy destiny, and, to use thine own language, hast "purged the threshing-floor and trodden out the wine-press," shalt thou lie down on Naseby field to take thy rest!

In the dead of night, in secrecy and apprehension, shall he be brought here again who was once more than a king; and the man who ruled for years the destinies of England shall be buried in shame and sorrow, like some obscure malefactor, on the spot where the grass grows thick and tangled, because of the crimson rain that fell so heavily on the field of his greatest victory.

And Simeon, bareheaded and maddened, fights fiercely on. His devotion costs him dear. The goodly headpiece would have saved him from that swinging sabre-stroke that lays open cheek and temple, and deluges neck and shoulder with the hot, red stream. His arm flies aimlessly up, and the sword drops from his grasp. The battle swims before his eyes ere they seem to darken and fill with blood; he reels in his saddle; he is down amongst the wounded and the dying, and his horse gallops masterless out of the *mêlée*.

And now Charles sees with his own eyes that all is lost. His right is scattered and

disordered. Rupert is returning with but the shattered remnants of his glorious force. His left is swept from the field and flying in hopeless confusion nearly to Leicester. His centre is broken and dismayed; his very baggage unprotected and at the mercy of the enemy. The blood of a king rises for the effort; he will put himself at the head of his reserve and make one desperate struggle for his crown, or die like a Stuart in his harness. He has drawn his royal sword, and waves his last devoted remnant on.

"Od's heart, sire!" exclaims the Scottish Earl of Carnewath; "will ye go upon your death in an instant?" and turns the king's bridle out of the press. Degenerate earl! it was not thus thy steel-clad ancestor backed his father's great-grandsire at Flodden! But the deed is done! the king turns round; the rout becomes a flight, and, save the wounded and the dead, the helpless women and the dogged prisoners, not a Royalist is left upon the field.

Effingham's regiment of Pikes had ere this moved to the very centre of the plain. When Fairfax saw and seized the opportunity to advance his whole line, the colonel moved with the rest of the infantry in support of a large cavalry reserve, and thus reached the spot the king had so recently quitted, where the fight had been deadliest and the carnage most severe. Marching in close column, and still keeping Sir Giles and the sorrel in the centre of his Pikes, Effingham took up a position where the dead lay thick in heaps, and at the spot from whence the track of the distant flight might be marked by the rising dust and the occasional shots fired by the pursuers, he placed Sir Giles once more upon his horse, and bade him escape in the confusion.

The old Cavalier grasped him heartily by the hand. "I wouldn't have believed it of

thee, lad," said Sir Giles. "I never thought much of thee after thou changed sides; but faith! thou'rt a good lad still, I see, though thou be'st on the winning side, and a murrain to it! Well, well, I've lived long enough when I've seen the coil of to-day. I wouldn't care to be there with many an honest fellow," pointing to a heap of corpses, "were't not for Grace's sake."

"It is for Grace's sake," answered Effingham, and squeezing him by the hand, bade him ride for his life.

Sir Giles turned his horse's head, but checked him for one last word. "I think I could have broken in, too, lad, if I'd come up at a gallop," said he, argumentatively.

In another moment he was striding away amongst pursuers and pursued over the plain.

A deep groan caused Effingham to start as he looked down. Simeon lay dying at his feet. "Too late, my brother," gasped the enthusiast, as the colonel propped him on his knee, and strove to staunch the gaping death-wounds. "Fare thee well, my brother: we meet no more on earth." Then, faintly pushing away the flask George pressed to his lips, and pointing to a dying Cavalier, murmured, "If thine enemy thirst give him drink;" and so, his features setting and darkening, his lips muttering faint words and texts of Scripture, in which George caught the accents of self-reproach and regret, and the awful emphasis of fear on the words, "Whoso smiteth with the sword shall perish by the sword;" and "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," the soul of the enthusiast passed to its account. George stood and gazed upon the ghastly harvest gathered in on Naseby field, and not for the first time a shudder of horror seemed to chill his very soul as the thought swept across it, "Can this be true religion after all?—the religion of peace on earth and good will amongst men?"



## CHAPTER IV.

In the next morning's cheerful daylight Felicia smiled at herself over her night's trouble. She was not called upon, surely, to arrange or to prevent her cousin's marriage. There was no need for her arbitration one way or other; how foolish she had been! But perhaps the smile had a little bitterness in it; and it is certain Felicia felt very lonely (more lonely than she had felt since her first arrival) as she glanced out at the window—and it was astonishing how often that impulse moved her—at the opposite house.

As for Angelo, he continued to be rather triumphant and in high spirits, pleased with the thoughts of becoming suddenly a rich man, and also, with extraordinary inconsistency, not perceiving how one thing contradicted the other, pleased with the idea of having made Felicia a little jealous, and piqued her into betraying something of her own feelings. Perhaps this was the real occasion of his glee; but the sight of her cousin's satisfaction made Felicia withdraw more and more into herself: his kindness affronted and offended her; his levity struck her with sharp pain and impatience; she took refuge in her own room, and shut her door, and betook herself to some homely matters of dressmaking. Felicia had to be very economical with her little income. It was not in her nature to retain any thing in her own hands which any one beside her seemed to want. She had already silently expended her own little funds to increase, as much as such a trifle could, the comforts of the household, and of her poor old aunt. She would gladly have worked, if she could, for the same purpose, with the best heart and intention in the world, but not without some idea of shaming Angelo into the way he should go.

However, Felicia did not find even in dress-making sufficient attraction to counterbalance her excitement of thought. She had by no means completed the proper round of sight-seeing which ought to be accomplished by a stranger in Florence; and after wandering about the house restlessly for some time, interfering with the orders for dinner, intruding into Madame Peruzzi's room, carrying off the greater proportion of the work there to relieve the old lady's eyes and fingers, and generally expressing her restless and dissatisfied condition by all the means in her power, Felicia at length prevailed upon her aunt to

conduct her to the Pitti Palace, and leave her there to wander among the pictures at her leisure. This grand indulgence was one which Madame Peruzzi was very doubtful about. She greatly feared that it was not quite proper; but with a wilful English girl, who feels quite competent in broad daylight and a public place to protect herself, what can a tremulous old lady do?

Felicia accordingly strayed about at her own sweet will among the pictures, finding them very generally unsatisfactory, and in a perverse mood forsook the realities for the shadows, and lingered behind the copiers who had possession of the finest pictures in the room, wondering over that branch of industry. If Angelo, for instance, worked at *that*, would his critical cousin be satisfied? She answered herself, No, no! her heart making indignant thumps by way of echo against her breast; and so indignantly vowing to let Angelo alone—surely she could find something better to do than a constant speculation about Angelo—went lingering round the room making unamiable criticisms in her discontented mind? She was standing opposite that pale Judith—pale with passion and exhaustion, and yet bearing a hectic touch of shame, abusing it to herself, when something happened to Felicia. Her eyes were by no means fixed upon the picture, but had sidelong glimpses of passing figures round her. Thus she saw something dart from behind the great overshadowing easel of an industrious artist—something which moved in a flutter and a bound, noiseless foot, and clouds of noiseless muslin. This something fell upon her suddenly, and grasped both her hands. Agitated, but not alarmed, knowing instinctively who it was, yet instinctively assuming a look of surprise and ignorance, Felicia (who, herself, was not very tall) looked down upon a pretty little wilful face, half child, half woman, radiant with smiles, and eager to speak. Following this figure was an old French maid, looking kind and curious, who investigated Felicia's face and dress with a most attentive inspection, and drew as close to her mistress as decorum would allow. The little girl held Felicia's hands clasped in hers, and looked very much as if she meant to kiss her. "Oh, you are Felicia!" she cried, out of breath—"Angelo's Felicia! I know you are; do not deny me. I am so very, very glad to see you here."

"And you?" said Felicia, looking down

upon her, perhaps without the cordiality which such a bright little creature was accustomed to meet, and permitting without returning the pressure of her hands.

"Has he not told you of me?" said the stranger, with a momentary look of disappointment.

"My Cousin Angelo has told me of —." Felicia was about to say something rather cruel. She checked herself suddenly, perceiving the atrocity of her impulse; she was going to say "of an heiress," and paused to think of another word.

"Of somebody!" said the little stranger; "and I am somebody. Yes, look at me! he has told me of *you*, and I love you already, Felicia. I think of you quite as his sister. We shall be such friends! Come, Annette speaks only French; she will not understand a word we say; and I have a hundred things to tell you—come!"

Somewhat amazed and taken by surprise, Felicia, who had only her own vague reluctance to oppose to this imperious friendship, was hurried on ere she knew what she was doing; and, bewildered by the flood of words which immediately overpowered her, as her new acquaintance clung to her arm, and, keeping half a step before her, looked up into her face, was for the moment entirely subjugated and taken captive. The two strayed along the grand galleries of the Pitti, no longer looking at the pictures, making a stray dash at one here and there, most frequently a worthless little miniature—if any thing is worthless in that collection—which the little butterfly could not see perfectly without rushing to it, and exclaiming, "Oh, look—do you know what this is?—isn't it pretty?" while she pulled Felicia briskly along with her by the arm. To all these girlish vagaries Felicia quietly submitted, feeling, after a while, in her elder womanly gravity, a touch of that charm of remembrance which makes one girl just out of her girlhood indulgent to the freaks of another who is still in that rejoicing time. This girl was so much gayer, finer, more self-confident than Felicia had ever been; so much of the conscious power of wealth, and the freedom of one to whom nothing she wished for had ever been denied, was in her air and manner, that the sight of her was a kind of apotheosis of girlhood and its privileges to Felicia. She, a woman nearly twenty, tried by the early calamities of a life which had

been hard upon her, could no longer venture to walk with that free step, to talk with that unrestrained voice, to say, "What does it matter if the people look at us?—let them look!" as defiant sixteen did, who was afraid of nobody. Felicia was even shy of being visible to passing eyes in that close *tête-à-tête* of confidential friendship. She smiled at herself and blushed and dropped her veil, and hurried her companion past the little groups of picture-gazers. All this the lively blue eyes perceived and understood, and made their own interpretation of.

"What are you afraid of?—people looking at us?" said the young lady. "Never mind the people, Felicia; I want to tell you something. Call me Alice, will you, please? I am so disappointed and mortified and disgusted that you did not know my name. To think that Angelo should have told me so much about you, and never mentioned my name! I shall scold him so to-night. But do call me Alice, please; and then I will tell you my darling little scheme."

"I must call you Miss Clayton. You and I are not equals," said Felicia gravely; "you are younger than I am, and I ought not to yield to you what I know is wrong. I scarcely see how we can be friends, so different is your place and mine; but at least we are not, and never can be, equals; so I must not call you by your Christian name."

The little girl looked up with her face overcast and wondering. "But—but you are as good as I am," she said, pressing Felicia's arm.

"Perhaps," said Felicia, smiling; "I did not speak about being as good; it would be sad work if the highest were to be the best as well: but we are not *equals*; you understand what that means?"

"Yes—but you are—what the servants call gentlefolks," cried Alice. "Angelo told me he was poor; I know that very well; but I know that people of good family despise those who are only rich. Is that what you mean?—do you mean because my father was only a moneyed man that I am not good enough for you?—or what do you mean?—for I know very well that Angelo is a gentleman, and you are his cousin; and unless you have taken a dislike to me, or don't think me good enough for him, I don't know what you wish me to understand, Felicia!"

"I am not speaking of Angelo. I believe he

is of a good family by his father's side; but I am not a Peruzzi," said Felicia. "If I were at home in England, I could not by any chance associate with such as you. I will not deceive any one here. I am not your equal. I cannot be comfortable to meet you and call you Alice, and hear you talk of all your friends and your cousins, so very, very different from mine. Do you know," said Felicia, raising her head with quite an unusual effusion of pride, "I am much more on a level with your maid than with you?"

"Nonsense; I don't believe it!" cried Alice energetically; then the little girl made a pause, and changed her tone, evidently following out this new question in her own mind, and arranging it to suit her other ideas in respect to Angelo's family. "I suppose your father was the naughty son, was he? and ran away and married somebody he fell in love with—oh, no; I mean your mamma, Felicia. Oh, I do so love these stories; and they have sent for you here to take care of you, and make you like their own child? Now tell me; I want to know one thing; is she a very sweet person, Angelo's mother?"

A very sweet person! Felicia's lip trembled with almost irrepressible laughter. Little Alice thought it was restrained feeling; she fancied that the poor niece's gratitude and admiration were too much for speech, and ran on in her own convenient rattle, without leaving her new acquaintance time to answer.

"She does not care for society now—she never goes out anywhere, the dear old lady!" said Alice; "and I suppose it is because you are not quite so noble as they are that I have never met you in society. Angelo says you are so good and so attentive to his mother, Felicia. Oh! don't you think you could smuggle me in sometimes, and let me help to amuse her?"

"I don't think it is possible," said Felicia laconically.

"How dreadfully English you are—how uncivil! You are not a bit like an Italian. You never say a word more than you can help, and look as if you meant it all. I really do think I shall begin not to like you," cried Alice; "but I do like you, mind," she added, once more pressing Felicia's arm; "and I never will be content till you love me—do you hear?"—and there was a renewed pressure of the arm she held—"because if it comes true, and—and happens you know—

we shall be quite near relations, Felicia; and I never had a sister in my life."

Unconsciously to herself, Felicia shrank a little at once from the idea and from her companion. "Don't you like to think of it?" cried the quick little girl instantly. "Felicia, would you rather that Angelo did not love me?"

"I have nothing to do with it," said Felicia, trembling a little. "Angelo is almost a stranger to me, though he is my cousin. Do not ask me, pray. I shall be glad to see him happy, and you also; but now you must let me go. Some one will come for me presently to take me home."

"Oh! but I want to speak to you first," said Alice, clinging only the more closely to her companion's arm. "Will you be quite sure not to be offended? Will you forgive me if I am going to say something wrong? O Felicia! I want to know you, and see you often. And you tell me you are poor. Will you be my *parlatrice*, dear? Now it is out, and I have said it: will you, Felicia? I shall love you like my own sister, and we can have such delightful long talks, and I'll get on so quick with my Italian. Dear Felicia, will you? It would make me so happy."

With this bright little creature standing before her, pleading with her blue Saxon eyes, her rosebud face, her affectionate words, looks, and smiles and syllables, each more winning than the other—the first person who had spoken to her in her own language since she came to Florence—Felicia found resistance very difficult. The little girl was clothed in that irresistible confidence of being unrefusable which so seldom lasts beyond childhood, and was so radiant in her ignorance of disappointment that it was far harder to say nay to her than it would have been to deny a boon really needful to a careworn suppliant. Little Alice was not presumptuous either in the strength of her inexperience. She did not believe she could be denied, but asked with her whole heart notwithstanding, and with the most sincere importunity. Felicia could not look at her unmoved; somehow the little face, in its bright ignorance, touched her more than a sad one could have done. She said something, she scarcely knew what, about being quite unprepared for such a proposal, and thinking it over when she got home, and added once more that she must go, as somebody waited for her. Already she felt con-

scious of a momentary duplicity. Why did she not say, "My aunt is coming for me," as under any other circumstances she would have done? Poor Felicia! who had so little heart or inclination to further this delusion. Yet she watched with instinctive terror lest Madame Peruzzi's gaunt shadow should appear at one of the doors.

"And we can have such delightful talks—all about Angelo," said Alice, with a laugh and a blush "only don't tell him. I would *never* let him know we mentioned his name. Oh, look, Felicia! is that dreadful old woman beckoning to *you*?—is that Madame Peruzzi's maid? Never mind her. Annette will go and tell her you are coming. Annette—O Felicia! what is wrong?"

And Alice stood amazed and in dismay as her new friend burst from her abruptly, and made all the haste possible across the room to where Madame Peruzzi stood by the door, looking for her niece. The light came full from a side-window upon that tall, bony old figure, and upon the face gray with age and seamed with deep wrinkles, where the dust of time lay heavy. Madame Peruzzi wore a bonnet of very fashionable shape, though dingy material, and had some artificial flowers encircling that oval of gray hair and leathern cheek. Old age was not lovely in Angelo's mother. She had no complexion, and rather too much feature even in her youth, and the features now bore too great a resemblance to the eagle physiognomy to be at all fair to behold. She wore her usual thrifty household dress of black, with, however, a coarse gay-colored shawl; and even a spectator more observant and of calmer judgment than Alice Clayton would have found it hard to discover any thing like gentility in the old woman's figure. She carried a little travelling-bag in her hand—a bag of Felicia's, to which her aunt had taken a fancy—which was stuffed with homely purchases, and, contracting her gray eyebrows over her eyes, stood waiting for her niece, and contemplating Alice with curiosity scarcely less keen than her own. Alice Clayton made a very different vision to the eyes of Madame Peruzzi. Her pretty face, which was characteristic of little beyond English good health and good temper, and the bloom and beauty of extreme youth, the old lady bestowed but little attention upon; but the pretty perfection of her morning dress, the many-founced muslin, gray and

light, the delicate falls of embroidery about her neck and wrists, the dainty hat, were not lost upon Madame Peruzzi. She saw a sight not unfamiliar to Florentine eyes—the English girl perfectly equipped in every thing appropriate to her youth and condition, whose appearance testified, beyond a doubt, to the wealth and luxury of her family. There she stood, with her French maid close behind her, gazing with all her eyes at Madame Peruzzi, full of curiosity, murmuring to herself "What an old witch!" resolute to ask Angelo who that extraordinary figure belonged to, and if it was his mother's faithful hundred-year-old traditional maid. "If she were not such a hideous old creature, what fun it would be to have her tell us stories!" said the unconscious Alice to herself, as she gazed at her lover's mother, and at Felicia in her black dress hastening to join her; while Madame Peruzzi, in return, gazed at Alice, speculating on who *she* was, and whether Felicia's acquaintance with her might be an opening into "society" for her niece, and an enlargement of connection for her son. Between the two, Felicia, with a flutter and pang, ran across the spacious room, and caught at her aunt's arm, and drew her hastily away. She felt so hurried and anxious to escape that she could scarcely hear or understand the questions with which Madame Peruzzi assailed her, and certainly had neither breath nor inclination to answer them. She hurried the old lady down the stairs at a most unusual pace, and could not help looking back again and again to see if they were followed or observed, and yet she could not have explained to any one why she did it. Certainly it was nothing to her, and it is quite doubtful whether Angelo, under the same circumstances, would have taken any pains to conceal his mother. But Felicia could not resist her impulse. She only felt safe at last in the Via Giugnio, within the shady portals of their own lofty house.

Then Madame Peruzzi was much dissatisfied with the very brief reply which her niece gave to her questions—"a young Englishwoman, whom she knew." The old lady had ocular demonstration that her niece knew the little stranger, and that she was English; but who was she?—and how had Felicia become acquainted with her?—and how long had she been in Florence?—and of what degree were her friends?—and where did she live?—and altogether who was she? The result was so



much the less satisfactory, that Felicia could not have answered if she would, and would not if she could. On the contrary, she restrained herself carefully, and did not even confess that she did not know. Angelo himself, she said to herself, somewhat bitterly, must tell his mother. She had been sufficiently vexed already without *that*. The consequence was that the day passed somewhat uncomfortably in the Via Giugnio, where Madame Peruzzi's curiosity lasted long, and was mixed with some jealousy and annoyance in the thought that her English niece meant to keep this fine acquaintance to herself, and was not disposed to share with Angelo the further advantages it might bring. The old lady laid up in her mind every particular of what she had seen, to tell her son. Perhaps he could succeed better with Felicia than she had done, and at least it was right that he should know.

While Felicia, for her part, a little sulky and solitary, in her own room, pondered the interview, and watched at her window behind the curtains, to see Alice in undisguised solicitude watching for her from the opposite house. Amidst all the disagreeable feelings which this little girl had excited in her mind, she still felt a certain indescribable melting towards the sweet English face and English tongue, the confidential and frank accost of the stranger. She was so young, after all—only sixteen—that Felicia's womanly dissatisfaction at her unconcealed liking for Angelo would have very speedily given way, had Angelo been nothing more than a mere relative to Felicia. As it was, her conscience and her imagination tormented her the whole day long. What was Angelo to her?—why should she object to anybody preferring him or saying so? Why should not the wealthy orphan bestow her fortune on Angelo if she pleased? Then Felicia's mocking fancy taunted her with believing Alice her *rival*; and with a stinging blush and bitter humiliation, she flew from her window. Her rival! All Felicia's work, and all the haste she made about it, and all her other resources of thought and speech, could not drive that humiliating suggestion out of her head. Her blush and her discomfort lasted the whole day. She had not a word to say, nor a look to bestow on Angelo, though she forced herself to sit rigidly opposite to him while his mother recounted every detail of the appearance of Alice, and com-

plained that Felicia would not tell her who the stranger was. Angelo had no such delicacy. He disclosed all that he knew with the frankest equanimity. She was very rich, the little Englishwoman, and pretty, yes—and was extremely gracious to himself, he added with a laugh and look which sent Madame Peruzzi's ambitious hopes bounding upwards. This occurred in the afternoon, when it was still daylight, the young man having appeared this day much earlier than his wont. He stood at the window as he spoke, with something of the pleased hesitation and fun of a young girl describing a conquest, looking down upon the windows where Alice certainly was not visible, though Felicia suspected otherwise. Madame Peruzzi sat on the sofa, asking questions and admiring him, as, indeed, was not wonderful, for he looked all the handsomer for looking pleased, while Felicia sat by looking on with the most intolerable impatience in her mind. She could not bear to see him smiling with that womanish complacency. She was too much interested for his credit to tolerate it. The look disturbed her beyond measure in her imperative youthful thoughts. She was ashamed for him—he who was happily and totally unconscious in his own person of having any thing to be ashamed of, and at last joined in the conversation when too much provoked to bear any longer her spectator position.

"Miss Clayton wishes me to be her *parlatrice*," said Felicia. "I would not decide, aunt, before consulting you. Should you object?"

She glanced at Angelo as she spoke, and saw that he started slightly, but not that he was discomposed or mortified at the thought of his little lady-love knowing a relation of his to be in circumstances which could justify such an offer. Angelo was not a schemer—he was content to marry the heiress as a very proper and legitimate means of promoting his own interest, but not to deceive her into a marriage with him. Felicia, in the ignorance of her insular notions, having done him more than justice at one time, and given him credit for exalted sentiments impossible to the atmosphere in which he lived, did him less than justice now. He would have brought in the astounded Alice into this very *sala*, if he could have done it with propriety, as smiling and good-humored as now.

"My soul," said Madame Peruzzi, faltering

a little—for she could not forget that, until ten minutes before, her hopes had been fixed on Felicia as her son's wife, and the prudent old lady still remembered that a bird in the hand was more satisfactory than a dozen in the bush—"My soul, you have no need to give yourself trouble. You have enough, Felicia mia—and—it might harm our Angelo, thou perceivest, my life!"

"Nay; but Felicia has no friends—this signorina longs to know her, and loves her already," said Angelo: "be not hindered, my cousin, by any thought of me."

"You do not know the English," said Felicia, turning to him quickly with a significance of meaning which Angelo could not even guess at. "Should I have presented Miss Clayton to your mother, Angelo?"

"And why not?" said Angelo, turning his eyes from Felicia to his mother—then, perhaps, he colored slightly. "They saw each other," he said; "I will tell Mees Aleece who it was."

"Nay, my son," said Madame Peruzzi, "they are proud, these English, as Felicia says. I had but my household dress, and was not like thy mother. Say it was thy old nurse, or thy mother's maid. Thy rich heiress shall never scorn thee, my life, for thy mother's sake."

Angelo crossed over quickly to her sofa, and kissed Madame Peruzzi's hollow, gray, unlovely cheek. "Who scorns my mother scorns me," he said, with a glance towards his cousin, who looked on with amazed and uncomprehending eyes.

Felicia was totally discomfited. She "gave it up," in complete bewilderment; she could no more understand how fortune-hunting was a perfectly honorable and laudable occupation, and could be pursued honestly without guile or concealment, than Angelo could understand the self-delusions of Alice concerning himself, nor how utterly dismayed that young lady would be could she see the reality of his domestic arrangements, and know his mother as she was.

#### CHAPTER V.

BUT when Angelo next encountered Alice Clayton, and was accosted by her with eager questions about his cousin, and inquiries concerning the "frightful old witch" who hurried Felicia away, the young man began to understand what his cousin meant when she said

he did not understand the English; and the blue eyes fixed upon him took away his courage. He did not answer boldly that it was his mother, as he meant to do, but faltered, and found himself assenting at last when Alice suggested his mother's maid. When he had done this a great revolution of feeling befell Angelo. He was half disgusted, half stimulated by the deception. It was no longer a jesting matter to him. Now, in mere vindication of himself to himself, it became necessary to press his suit and become serious in it; while the more he did so, the less he liked his little heiress; and a certain sense of guilt in his conscience, and the dishonor of denying his mother, gave a bitterness to every thought of her, which by no means promoted his happiness as a lover. Meanwhile, Felicia, who disapproved of him and watched him, and seemed to perceive by intuition his sentiments and his actions alike, became more and more interesting to Angelo. He was flattered by that constant, noiseless, watchful regard which he knew she bestowed upon him. He felt that she found him out, and saw the change in his mind; and feeling, for the first time in his life, pain and dissatisfaction with himself, Angelo, instead of being offended by her unexpressed perceptions, felt a relief in grumbling vaguely to her over all those vague miseries upon which youthful people revenge the youthful pangs of their own beginning life.

While things were in this condition, Alice Clayton lost no opportunity to improve her acquaintance with Felicia. She watched from the windows when she went out, and followed her; she continued to encounter her in all sorts of unlikely places; she took that girlish violent fancy for the elder young woman, which is generally every girl's first love;—indeed, but for the greater force and excitement of what Alice supposed to be *real* love—the love which would blossom into bridal cake and orange blossoms—it is extremely doubtful whether the little girl liked Angelo better than his cousin; and at last, by persistence and entreaties, she gained her end. Felicia, tormented by constant petitions, and full of an indescribable curiosity about the progress of affairs between Angelo and the little stranger, consented at length to become her *parlatrice*. This peculiar office was one excellently well adapted for making her acquainted with every thing that passed in or

flashed through the volatile and girlish mind of Alice. A *parlatrice* is a talking teacher—a shoot from the great governess tree—from whom no accomplishment is required, but a good accent and tolerable command of her own language, and whose duty is simply to talk with the individual under instruction. An easy task to all appearance, but not so easy as it seems when it is the pupil who is bent upon talking, and whose thoughts flood into abundant rivers of English instead of strait streams of Italian. It was now winter, and winter is not much more gracious in Florence than in England; but while the weather grew colder and colder, Madame Peruzzi's stony rooms remained innocent of fire, and perhaps Felicia found an additional inducement in the warm comfort of the carpeted apartment which was Alice's dressing-room, and where she could warm her chilly English fingers at the sparkling wood-fire and recall insular comforts without rebuke. Here she heard all about the antecedents, prospects, and limitations of her young companion's life. Alice Clayton was the only child of a rich man, who had left her nothing much to boast of in the way of family connections on his side, and no relative on her mother's save a proud aunt, who could scarcely forgive her sister's low marriage, and yet was not indisposed to accept the guardianship of a young lady with a hundred thousand pounds. This, however, Mr. Clayton had strictly guarded against. The guardian of Alice was a London solicitor—an excellent man, who lived in Bedford Row, and was the most innocent and inexperienced of old bachelors. Mr. Elcombe, totally ignorant what to do with her, had confided her to the care of his sister-in-law, a semi-fashionable widow of these regions, and under the maternal care of Mrs. George Elcombe the young heiress had come to Italy, and at sixteen had made her appearance in the society of Florence. "With her fortune," her accommodating chaperon saw no advantage in retaining Miss Clayton in girlish bondage. It did not matter to her how early she came out. Here, accordingly, the child well pleased had come into all the privileges of the woman, had met Angelo Peruzzi, and pleased with his good looks, and flattered with the novelty and frolic of the whole matter, had fallen in love, according to her own showing, at first sight. Falling in love had no sentimental influence upon Alice.

She thought it the best fun possible, and enjoyed, above all her other pleasure, that delightful secret which she could only discuss with Felicia, and which, "for all the world," must never be mentioned to anybody else. One drawback, however, remained to her happiness. Till she was twenty-one she was under her guardian's authority. She could neither marry nor do any thing else of importance without his consent.

"But about Angelo?" cried Felicia one day, astounded to hear of this hindrance—"does he expect to satisfy your guardian? or what is to be done?"

"That is just what he asked me the other day," said the laughing Alice; "and I told him, to be sure, he must wait. Oh, I am not in a hurry at all, I assure you—I can wait very well till I come of age."

"But if you wait till you come of age," said Felicia quickly, "you will not marry Angelo."

"Felicia!" cried her little companion indignantly. "Do you mean to suppose that I will be inconstant? or do you think he will forget me?"

"I do not know," said Felicia—"perhaps one, perhaps the other; but you cannot expect Angelo to wait for four—five years."

"The knights long ago used to wait for scores of years," said Alice, indignantly.

"I hope they were very happy at the end," said her grave senior, with a smile; "but there are no such knights nowadays. And Angelo is very different, and you are so young: you two will never wait for each other through five long years."

"We will, though!" cried Alice. "Felicia, I do believe you don't like us to be fond of each other. I always thought so from the first. Something is wrong: either you don't approve of it, or you don't like me, or something. You are always English and downright on other things, but you are a regular Italian here—you never say right out what you mean."

"I am sorry you think so," said Felicia, with a sudden painful blush and paleness immediately succeeding each other, which would have betrayed her to a more skilled observer of human emotions; "but I have nothing to do with it, and no right either to approve or disapprove. Besides, we are speaking English," she added immediately in Italian, "and that is quite contrary to our purpose. If you

are going to speak English, Miss Elcombe will be a better *parlatrice* than me."

"Oh, never mind the *parlatrice*. Imagine me speaking to Maria Elcombe of Angelo!" cried Alice, with a little burst of laughter. Felicia, who sat with her back to the door, could not understand how it was that the little girl's cheeks suddenly flushed crimson, and an injured, sullen look of anger came upon her face. Half afraid to look round, and guessing the domestic accident which had happened, Felicia did not turn her head, but watched the course of events in her companion's face. She knew, by the look of Alice, that some one was approaching; and though she heard no footstep, was scarcely surprised by Mrs. Elcombe's distinct, slow voice close at her ear. "Who was it, Miss Clayton, may I ask, whom you could not speak of to Maria?"

Alice was greatly discomfited, and first of all she was angry, as was natural to a spoiled child. "I am not obliged to speak to Maria of everybody I know," she said, with a pout and a frown. Mrs. Elcombe was still invisible to Felicia, who sat motionless, sunk in a low easy-chair, with the color fluctuating rather uneasily on her own cheek, and her eyes fixed upon the blushing, pouting, discomposed face before her. Then an authoritative rustle of silk made itself heard in the apartment, and Mrs. Elcombe, gliding round behind Felicia's chair, seated herself beside Alice, and took the affronted little girl's hand affectionately into her own.

"By no means, my dear child! Speak to Maria of whom you please," said this sensible woman, remembering that young ladies of Alice Clayton's endowments demand other treatment from ordinary girls of sixteen. "You know how glad I always am when you make *nice* friends—friends whom I can approve of;" and here the slightest side-glance in the world made a parenthesis of Felicia, and excepted *her*; "but you are my little ward at present, my love. I am responsible to my brother for so precious a charge, and you must forgive me for inquiring, my sweet Alice. I heard what seemed to me a gentleman's name—a gentleman's *Christian* name. Most probably I know him also, and think him charming; but, my love, you can surely speak of him to me."

This appeal threw Alice into the greatest confusion and dismay, and had a still more painful effect upon Felicia, whose presence

Mrs. Elcombe studiously ignored after that one glance, but for whom it was much less easy to suppose herself a piece of furniture than it was for that respectable woman of the world to conclude her to be. Felicia was all the more humiliated and abashed that she felt herself to have no real standing-ground here. She was no *parlatrice*, though she filled that office. She had no claim whatever to consider herself an equal or companion—not even the imaginary claim of nobility; the few drops of long-descended blood which made Angelo a Peruzzi. Felicia's blood was of a very mediocre Italian quality, diluted by intensely commonplace English. Any one with a prejudiced eye, like Mrs. Elcombe, finding her here so familiarly installed, and investigating her claims, must infallibly conclude her an accomplice of her cousin's, the agent of a clandestine correspondence; and Felicia, who had so little sympathy with this correspondence, felt her breast swell and her cheek burn, while smooth Mrs. Elcombe, the pleasantest of maternal women, went on, wooing the confidence of her heiress with every appearance of believing herself to be alone with Alice, and having lost sight entirely of the presence of a third person in the room.

In the mean time Alice, faltering and ashamed, half disposed to cry, and half to be angry, did not know what to answer. She was not crafty or wise by any means, though she was an heiress, and the English fashion of answering honestly a fair question was strong upon the little girl. She could not tell what to do; she looked at Felicia, but it awed even Alice for the moment to see how her dignified chaperone ignored Felicia's presence. Then a little indignation came to her aid; she began to pluck at the corners of her handkerchief, and pout once more. Then her answer came reluctantly, being a subterfuge. "I know nobody, Mrs. Elcombe, that you do not know as well. I don't know any gentleman in Florence" (here the breath and the voice quickened with rising anger) "whom I have not seen with you."

"Precisely, my love; I am quite aware of that," said Mrs. Elcombe, cheerfully; "therefore, Alice, I am sure, when you think of it, you cannot have the slightest objection to tell me whom you were speaking of. I have the most perfect confidence in *you*, my dear child; you don't suppose that I don't *trust*



you; but I confess I am curious and interested to know who it was."

Here followed another pause, then Felicia rose. "Perhaps I may go now," she said hurriedly. "You will not want me again this afternoon, Miss Clayton; and you can let me know afterwards when I am to come again."

"Oh, by all means, my love, let the young person go," said Mrs. Elcombe, looking up as if she had discovered Felicia for the first time. "We are going out to make some calls presently. Surely, Miss Clayton does not require you any longer to-day; it is a pity to detain her, wasting her time. I hope you have a good many pupils. Good-day. I never like to detain such people, my dear, after I have done with them," said the excellent matron, in audible consideration, "for their time, you know, is their fortune."

"But, Felicia, Felicia, stop! O Mrs. Elcombe, you mistake—she has no pupils!—she is quite as good as we are," cried Alice, rising in great distress; "she only comes because it is a favor to me. Felicia, stay! I cannot let you leave me so."

"I beg the young lady's pardon," said Mrs. Elcombe; "but I think it is always a pity to have things done as a favor which you can pay money for, and get the proper persons to do—I don't mean any thing in respect to the present instance, but as a general rule, my dear Alice, I think you will find it useful to remember what I say. The young lady is Mademoiselle Antini, I think; but, perhaps, as we are beginning quite a private conversation, my love, we need not detain her now."

Alice ran to Felicia, put her arms round her, and kissed her eagerly. "Don't be angry, please—I shall not tell her any thing—oh, Felicia, dear, don't be vexed!—and promise you will come again to-morrow!" cried Alice, in a whisper, close to Felicia's ear.

"Tell Mrs. Elcombe any thing you please; you surely cannot suppose I want any thing concealed from her," said Felicia, quietly; "I should not have come at all, but, as I supposed, with her perfect concurrence; and I will ask to see her if I come to-morrow."

So saying, despite the frightened and deprecating look with which Alice replied, and the gesture she made to detain her, Felicia went away—her heart beating quicker, and her pride, such as it was, sore and injured. After

all, every thing Mrs. Elcombe had said was quite true; she was in an undeniably false position—her cousin's agent! and the conversation that might ensue touching Angelo was sure to bear fruit of one kind or other. She went away, accordingly, with some commotion in her heart.

Angelo lingered at home that evening. Angelo himself was dissatisfied and out of sorts. The saucy composure with which his little heiress had announced to him that she was not at all in haste, and that he must wait five years, confounded the young man. Hopes of sudden wealth are not good for any one; and Angelo felt a certain share of the gambler's feverishness and contempt for ordinary means and revenues. There are circumstances under which the pretty sauciness and assurance of pretty little girls like Alice Clayton are exceedingly captivating and delightful! but there are other circumstances which give quite a different aspect to such coquettish, girlish impertinences. Angelo had never made very desperate love to the little Englishwoman—she did not require it. Fun and good-humor, and a general inclination to abet all her frolics and do what she wanted him, were quite enough for the sixteen-year-old beauty. But to wait five years! What would become of that youthful flirtation in five years? The young Florentine was very sulky, sufficiently inclined to talk over his troubles, but ashamed to enter upon the subject with Felicia, who alone could understand him. The *sala* that evening was less comfortable than it had used to be in summer. January in Florence is January without any equivocal; and though Madame Peruzzi had a stove in the room, she was an old-fashioned Italian, and was not in the least inclined to use it, not to speak of the high price of the wood. The old lady, accordingly, less pleased than ever to sit up through the long, cold evening, sat in her usual sofa corner wrapped up in a large, ancient, faded shawl, beneath which she wore so many old jackets and invisible comforters that her leanness was rounded into very respectable proportions. Close beside her, under her skirts, only visible when she made some movement, was a little round earthenware jar with a handle, within which a little heap of charcoal smouldered in white ashes. Madame Peruzzi would have scorned the brightest coal-fire in all England, in compensation or exchange for that unwholesome little

furnace under her skirts; but with all her shawls huddled round and her pan of charcoal, she did not look quite an impersonation of that sunny, glowing, fervid Italy of which we read in books. Every thing looked cold to-night—poor Felicia, working at her needle-work with blue fingers, and beginning to repent of her stubborn English resistance to the pan of charcoal—Angelo leaning his arms on the chilly marble table with discontent and disappointment on his face. Even Angelo felt the cold pinch his feet upon those disconsolate tiles, which no carpet ever had covered, and buttoned his great-coat over his breast with a physical sensation which seconded his mental discomforts and increased them. Felicia wore the warmest winter dress she had and a shawl, which rather shocked her English sentiments of home propriety, but was quite indispensable. They were a very dreary party under the two bright, steady lights of their tall lamp. It was a kind of Italian interior unknown to strangers, and novel in its way.

"I wish," cried Angelo, at last, in a sudden burst as if his thoughts had been going on in this strain, and only broke from him when he could restrain himself no longer—"I wish that this Firenze had never been 'la bella.' I wish we had no Dante, no Giotto, no fame, Felicia! The past murders us. Is there so much power in a mass of stone and marble, in a line of pictures, that they should trample the life out of generations of men? I wish these strangers, these travellers, these wandering English would find some other place to visit and admire and degrade. I wish they would but leave us our own country, to make the best of it for ourselves. They would degrade us all into cooks and couriers and hotel-keepers. It should not be—it is shame!"

"What have the English done, that you should speak so?" cried Felicia, somewhat indignantly; for her national prejudices were very easily roused, and this unexpected attack astounded her beyond measure.

"Done!—oh, nothing very bad; they have taken my mother's house, floor after floor, and made up our income," said Angelo, with an angry laugh. "They have done nothing wrong, my English cousin. Why should they do every thing, I say? Why are they doing a thousand things everywhere, every one, all over the face of the earth, except Italy? Why

must we never live out of hearing of those frogs who croak to us of their present and our past? Ah, shall we never have any thing but a past! You stare at me, Felicia; you think me mad, I who am useless and idle as you say, but I too am an Italian. I think of my country as well as another. I could be a revolutionary, a politician as well as another; and if I say nothing, it is for my mother's sake."

"But your mother would not hinder you from making a revolution in yourself, Angelo," said Felicia, philosophically, improving the opportunity.

Angelo laughed. "Insatiable moralist!" he said, shrugging his shoulders, "I have already had the honor of telling you what are the only things I could do, copying pictures, carving alabaster, making porcelain. Then there are the government bureaux, it is true; but I have no interest, Felicia mia; what shall I do?"

"You only mock me, Angelo," said Felicia. "You never think seriously, much less speak seriously. You want to be rich and have every thing that pleases you, but you don't want to work for it. A great many people are like that—it is not singular to you."

Her tone stung her cousin deeply. "And you—you despise me!" he said. "Because I care more for what you think than for what all the world thinks, therefore you scorn me."

"Do not say so," said Felicia, quickly; "Alice Clayton's opinion ought to be, and is, a great deal more important to you than mine. She thinks you always right; I do not; but that is no fault of mine."

"Alice Clayton is a child," said Angelo; "her opinion is what pleases her for the moment. How should she judge of a man? she knows less of me than Marietta does. I am a stranger to her disposition, to her little experience, and to her heart."

"Then why, for Heaven's sake," said Felicia, before she was aware of what she said—then she paused: "I do not understand what you mean."

"But I understand it perfectly," said Angelo, with pique. "Little Mees Aleece can play with me, she supposes, but she shall see otherwise. If she had me in her power, this little girl, it shall be but once and no more."

"Angelo," said Felicia, "I am not a proper adviser on such a matter—I am not a proper

*confidante*. Pray be so good as to say no more to me. I can understand the other subject of your complaints, but not this."

"Yet it is the same subject, Felicia," cried the young man: "can I, who do nothing, and have no hope—can I have a wife like your Englishman? Can I ask any woman to live as my mother lives—she who is old and contented with her life, and an Italian? What must I do? You tell me work; but unless I make me an exile, there is nothing to work at; and, my cousin, if I marry little Alice, I will be good to her. I will not love her, but she shall have nothing to complain of me. Why should not I marry her?—but I will not wait five years."

"Cousin Angelo," said Felicia, rising abruptly from the table, "I wish you good-night; you oppress me, and I will not bear it. I have nothing to do with your marrying or your love. I am only a plain English girl, and I do not understand them—I bid you good-night."

And with a hurried step and voice that faltered slightly, she went away, not in a very comfortable condition of mind, poor girl; tried on both sides beyond what was bearable, yet already blaming herself for her ebullition of impatience, and fancying she had betrayed feelings which she would have given the world to hide. Yet, inconsistent as human nature is, this sudden and angry departure of his cousin somehow cheered and exhilarated Angelo. His cheek took a warmer glow—he looked after her with a gleam in his eyes which had not been there a moment before. He was not affronted, but encouraged, and made Felicia's excuses to his mother, and sat by himself when the old lady was gone, with fancies which warmed his heart, but in which no thought of Alice Clayton interposed. He was not sorry nor concerned—he took no new resolution on the moment—he considered nothing—but in the pleasure of the moment basked like a child and took no further thought.

While, as for Felicia, she laid down her head upon her bed, till even that homely couch trembled with her restrained trouble. She was humiliated, grieved, oppressed; between these two her judgment was perpetually shocked and her heart wounded. To-morrow even opened to her a new variety of trial. To-morrow the chances were that accusations against her as a secret agent of

Angelo's courtship would be brought with unanswerable logic; and Alice, when they were alone, would once more toss her little head in saucy triumph, and talk of leading Angelo, like a second Jacob, a willing woe for five long years. Yet while this had to be looked for, she was the person whom Angelo himself offended with looks and suggestions of love, and to whom he did not scruple to confess his carelessness for Alice. She scorned him, she despised him, she turned with proud disgust from his unworthiness; yet, poor girl! leaned her head upon her bed, devouring sobs whose bitterness lay all in the fact that he was unworthy, and defending him against herself with a breaking heart. It was not Angelo, it was his education, his race, the atmosphere which surrounded him. The one sat smiling and dreaming in one room, pleasing himself in the moment, and taking no thought for the morrow; the other, on the other side of the wall, kept her sobs in her heart, thinking with terror of that inevitable to-morrow, and believing that she would be content to give her own life, ere the day broke, only to wake the soul of Angelo to better things, and open his eyes to honor and truth. Poor Felicia! and poor Angelo!—but it was very true her greater enlightenment did not make her happier. The young Florentine went smiling to his rest, and slept the sleep of youth half an hour thereafter; while his English cousin, chafing and grieving herself with that most intolerable of troubles, the moral obtuseness of the person most dear to her in the world, wept through half the night.

#### CHAPTER VI.

BRIGHTLY this day of Felicia's trial broke upon Florence—bright with all the dazzling sheen of winter—a cloudless sky, an unshaded sun, every thing gay to look at, but the shrill *Tramontana* whistling from the hills, and winter seated supreme in the stony apartments of Italian poverty. In this morning's light Madame Peruzzi's shawled figure, encumbered with all its wrappings, was even more remarkable than it had been at night. A woollen knitted cap tied over her ears—a dark-brown dingy article, by no means improving to her complexion—worsted mits on the lean hands, in which, throughout the house, wherever she went in her morning perambulations, the old lady carried her little jar of charcoal, and her shawl enveloping the

entire remainder of her person, left much to the imagination, but did not stimulate that faculty with very sweet suggestions. While in the dazzle of the sunshine, every thing in that bare little *sala* shone so bitterly and remorselessly cold, that it is not wonderful if Felicia, who was only in her first Italian winter, and not quite inured to the domestic delights of that season, felt chilled to her heart. Possibly this chill was no disadvantage at that crisis, for the extreme physical discomfort she felt not only blunted her feelings a little to future mental suffering, but held up before her, with an aspect of the most irresistible temptation, the cosy fire and warm interior of Alice Clayton's room.

Thither accordingly, a little after midday, Felicia betook herself, with no small flutter in her heart. She did not enter as usual, and make her way to the apartment of Alice. She asked for Mrs. Elcombe, and was ushered up with solemnity into the drawing-room, to have that audience. Mrs. Elcombe, though she was not a great lady at home, could manage to personate one very tolerably at Florence; and, to tell the truth, Felicia had so little experience of great ladies that she had entire faith in the pretensions of her little friend's guardian and chaperon. With Mrs. Elcombe in the drawing-room was seated an elderly gentleman, looking much fatigued, heated, and *flustered*, if such a feminine adjective is applicable to elderly gentlemen. He looked precisely as if, vexed and worried out of his wits, he had escaped from some unsuccessful conflict, and thrown himself, in sheer exhaustion, into that chair. Seeing him, as she began to speak, Felicia hesitated, and made a pause. Mrs. Elcombe hastened to explain—"This is Mr. Elcombe, Miss Clayton's guardian, my brother. He is newly arrived, and naturally very anxious about his previous young charge. Pray tell me with confidence any thing you may have to say."

"I have nothing to say, except to know whether—as I supposed from what you said yesterday—you have any objection to my visits to Miss Clayton," said Felicia. "I would have given them up at once; but—indeed I have not many friends in Florence, and it is a pleasure to see her sometimes; besides, that she wants me; but I thought it right in the first place, before seeing her again, to see you."

"I am much obliged—it is very judicious—

pray be seated, mademoiselle," said Mrs. Elcombe. "I am puzzled, however, to know in what capacity you visit my young ward. I had supposed as her *parlatrice*? She engaged you, as I imagined—indeed, I remember, finding you to be perfectly respectable so far as I could ascertain, that I gave my consent to make an arrangement; but according to what you say, I should suppose your visits to be those of friendship, which makes a difference. May I ask which is the case?"

"Certainly. I have come to speak Italian with Miss Clayton," said Felicia, blushing painfully; "but I have not taken money from her, and never meant to do so. I came because she entreated me."

"And how did she know you, may I ask?" continued the great lady, fixing upon Felicia her cold and steady eyes.

"I believe through my cousin, whom she has frequently met," said Felicia as steadily, though her heart beat loud, and the color, in spite of herself, fluctuated on her cheek.

"So! I believe we are coming to the bottom of it now," cried Mrs. Elcombe, turning to her brother-in-law with a look of triumph. "Your cousin is Angelo Peruzzi; he knows our poor child's fortune, and in case his own suit should not prosper sufficiently of itself, he has managed to place you about her person, to convey his messages and love-letters, and so forth; and to make her suppose a beggarly Florentine idler to be a young Italian nobleman! Oh, I see the whole! Can you dare to look in my face and deny what I say?"

Felicia had become very pale; she was still standing, and grasped the back of a chair unconsciously as Mrs. Elcombe spoke, half to support herself, half to express somehow by an irrepressible gesture the indignation that was in her. "I will deny nothing that is true," she said, commanding herself with nervous self-control. "Angelo Peruzzi is my cousin. Because he had spoken of me to her, Miss Clayton claimed my acquaintance one morning in the gallery of the Palace. That is all my cousin has to do, so far as I am aware, with our acquaintance. If Angelo ever wrote to her, I am ignorant of it. I have never borne any message whatever between them. I have nothing to do with what he wishes, or what she wishes. They are both able to answer for themselves. Now will you be good enough to answer my ques-



tion—I have answered yours. Do you object to my visits to Miss Clayton? May I beg that you will tell me yes or no?"

Mrs. Elcombe stared at her questioner with speechless consternation. She expected the presumptuous young woman to be totally confounded, and lo! she was still able to answer. "I see you will not lose any thing for want of confidence, mademoiselle," she said with a gasp. "To dare me to my very face! Do you suppose I believe your fine story? No! This poor child shall not be sacrificed to a foreign fortune-hunter if I can help it. I prohibit your visits to Miss Clayton—do you hear? I will give orders that you are not to be admitted again."

"Stay a moment," said the distressed elderly gentleman, who all this time had been recovering breath and looking on. "The young woman seems to me to have answered very sensibly and clearly—very different from that little fury in the other room—not to say that you have exposed your case unpardonably, sister, as indeed was to be expected. May I ask how it is that you, being an Italian, speak English so well?"

"I *am* English," said Felicia; she had no breath for more than these three laconic words.

"Ah, indeed; and what service, then, were you likely to be to Alice Clayton, when you went to her as her *parla—parla—what-do-you-call-it?* Eh, can you answer me that?"

"My father was an Italian—the one language is to me as familiar as the other," said Felicia, quietly.

"Hum—ah. What do you know, then, about this courtship business?" said the stranger. "Girls are always intrusted about such matters. Tell us in confidence, and be sure I shan't blame you. What hand have you had in it? Eh?"

"None whatever," said Felicia.

"Well, well; that is not precisely what I mean. What do you know about it? That will satisfy me!"

"I know nothing at all about it," said Felicia with some obstinacy—then she paused. "I am English, and I am not a waiting-woman. I neither will nor can repeat to you all that Alice Clayton—a little girl of sixteen—may have said to me. I am not aware of any duty which could make me do that; but so far from wishing to help on what you call a courtship between them, the idea is griev-

ous to me. I have every reason in the world to oppose it," said Felicia, hurriedly, giving way in spite of herself to her natural feelings. "My cousin's honor—his whole life— But it is useless to tell you what I think on such a subject. May I see Miss Clayton? I have no further concern with the matter."

"Sister," said the lawyer, whose eyes had been fixed on Felicia while she spoke, "I see no reason to doubt what this young lady says. Let her go to Alice, and as often as she will. I believe she speaks the truth."

"As you will! The unfortunate child is your ward; let her be sacrificed," cried Mrs. Elcombe. But Felicia did not wait to hear the end of her oration; she made a little courtesy of gratitude to her defender and hurried away.

The half of it was over; now for Alice, whose saucy, girlish brag of the impatience of her lover, and determination to make him wait, was perhaps rather more aggravating than even the doubts and interrogatories of her friends. But Alice to-day was neither saucy nor triumphant; she lay sunk in a great chair with her hands over her face, sobbing sobs of petulant anger, shame, and vexation—a childish passion. Felicia was entirely vanquished by this strange and unexpected trouble. She did not believe the little girl could have felt any thing so much, nor did she understand what was the occasion of her sudden grief. Something in which Angelo on the one side and her newly arrived guardian on the other, had to do, was evident; but all Felicia's personal indignation was quenched at once by the sight of her tears. What had she to do weeping, that bright little happy creature? There are certainly some people in the world not born to weep, and whose chance sufferings strike with a sense of something intolerable the saddest spectators who see them. Little Alice Clayton, with her sixteen-year-old beauty, was one of these.

"What has happened? what is the matter?" cried Felicia, sitting down beside her, and drawing away the little hands from her face. "Let me make your mind easy by telling you that Mr. Elcombe himself has just given me permission to come. I am not here under disapproval. Your guardian has sent me: and now tell me what is wrong?"

"O Felicia!" cried Alice, suddenly, throwing herself upon Felicia's shoulder, "I will

depend upon you, I will trust to you; though all the world should deceive me, I know you will tell me the truth; and if he really loves me, Felicita, I will wait for him ten, twenty—I do not mind if it was a hundred years!”

Felicia involuntarily drew herself away. “A hundred years is a long promise,” she said, with a trembling smile.

“But that is no answer,” cried Alice, recovering her animation. “I said I would depend on you, and believe whatever you said; and I will, Felicita! They tell me Angelo wants my fortune, and does not care for me. They try to make me believe nobody could love me at my age: that is a falsehood I know!” cried Alice, with sparkling eyes, which flashed through her tears: “they might as well say at once that nobody could ever love a girl that had a fortune, for that is what they mean; but never mind, Felicita! It is of Angelo they were speaking—Angelo your cousin, who is very fond of you, and tells you what he thinks, I know he does. If you will say you are sure he loves me, Felicita, I will wait for him, I tell you, a dozen years!”

This serious appeal took Felicia by surprise. She grew red and grew pale and drew back as her young companion bent forward, with a pang which she could not express. For the moment she felt guilty and a culprit, with the blue eyes of Alice gazing so earnestly and unsuspiciously in her face. How could she answer?—she who remembered, no further gone than last night, those looks and words of Angelo’s which sent her thrilling with mortified pride, yet tenderness inextinguishable, to the solitude of her own chamber. When that first natural shock was past, and when she supposed she could detect a sharper and less earnest scrutiny in Alice’s eyes, the poor girl once more grew indignant. Bad enough that she should be accused of abetting a wooing so little to her mind. Now must she be called upon to answer for him, and pledge her own sincerity for his? If Felicita had been a young lady in a novel, she would doubtless have recognized in this the moment of self-sacrifice—the moment in which to make a holocaust of her own feelings, and transfer, with the insulting generosity of a modern heroine, the heart which she knew to be her own, to the other less fortunate woman who only wished for it. But as she was only a plain girl, accustomed to tell the truth, this climax of feminine virtue was not to be expected from her. And

happily for herself she grew angry, resentful of all the perplexities forced upon her. She drew quite back from her little friend, or little tormentor. She rose up, and gathered her cloak about her with haste and agitation. She would go away—she was safe only in flight.

“It is not a question which can be asked of me,” she said, with so much more than her usual gravity that Alice thought her stern, and grew quiet unawares. “Only one person can or ought to answer you. You must not repeat to me such words. No, you do me wrong; it is cruel to put such a question to me—”

“Why? you ought to know best. You are not going away, Felicita? Oh, don’t go away! oh, I do so want you!” cried Alice, rising and throwing herself upon her friend’s arm. “I have every thing to tell you, and I want to know what I should do, and I want to ask about Angelo, and I want—O Felicita! don’t *you* care at all about me? Won’t you stay?”

“I care a great deal about you, but I will not stay,” said Felicia, firmly. “I can neither advise you what to do, nor tell you about Angelo. Ask Angelo himself, he is the proper person to speak to; and do what you think best. I will come back when you please; but I will not answer any questions: and now I cannot stay.”

Saying which she led the little girl back to her seat, and with a swiftness and silentness which half frightened Alice, left the room and the house. The little heiress sat still in her chair, startled into positive stillness. She could not hear Felicia’s retreating footstep, but knew she was gone; and this new incident and new idea gave a new turn to the thoughts of Alice. Her tears dried of themselves, and her passion subsided. She no longer thought of her guardians, or Mrs. Elcombe, or even of Angelo; but puzzled with all her amazed but shrewd little faculties over the new, abstruse, and mysterious question, What could Felicia mean?

While Felicia, sick at heart and utterly discouraged, went away, by the quietest streets she could find, to the other end of Florence. She had nothing to do there, and it would have greatly shocked her aunt’s prejudices to see her alone so far from their own house; but Felicia’s secret vexations were too much at the moment for any consideration of her

aunt, or indeed for considerations of any thing. She was not thinking; her utmost mental effort was to remember and sting herself over again with those words and looks, questions and implications, from which she had already suffered so cruelly; and when, returning home, having tired herself completely, she saw at a little distance, unseen herself, the laughing, careless face of Angelo amidst a group of other such at the *café* door, her patience entirely forsook the English girl. What had she done to have her quiet footsteps so hopelessly entangled in a volatile, hopeless, inconsequent, Italian life like this?

That night she and her aunt spent alone in their usual fashion—which is to say that Madame Peruzzi went to bed, and that Felicia, with one feeble wick of the lamp lighted, bewildered herself with a book which she had not sufficient power of self-possession to understand, and watched from the window when Mrs. Elcombe's carriage drove up to the door opposite, to see Alice glide into it with the others in a mist of floating white. That morning's passion did not hinder the little heiress. She was there as usual, and doubtless quite as smiling and bright as usual. Felicia said to herself with a momentary bitterness—"but what was it all to her?" She went back to the table, and bewildered herself for the rest of the evening with her book of Italian proverbs, scarcely seeing what she read, and certainly not comprehending it. That was how *she* spent the night.

Next morning Felicia rose with a craving anxiety in her heart, dimly feeling that something must have happened overnight, dimly dreading something which might happen to-day. She felt little doubt that Angelo had encountered Alice and seen her guardian; but Angelo was late, and did not make his appearance. It was with the greatest difficulty that she could manage to preserve enough of her usual calmness to save her from embarrassing inquiries, and sitting by while Madame Peruzzi sipped her coffee, Felicia was too much occupied in keeping down a convulsive shiver, half physical, half mental, combined of cold and anxiety, to be able for any thing else. When the ungenial meal was over, and she had to occupy herself with her usual female work, the mending and darning of which she had insisted upon relieving her aunt, with the whole bright cold hours of the

day before her, and that thrill of expectation in her whole mind and frame, the strain upon her became still harder. It was while she sat thus vainly endeavoring to restrain her thoughts, and assuring herself that, however the matter ended, she had nothing to do with it; and while Madame Peruzzi, in her great shawl, and with her pan of charcoal under her skirts, sat carefully surveying some very old, much-worn linen, to ascertain where it was practicable to apply a patch, that a sudden noise at the door started Felicia. Angelo was not yet up, and the house a moment before had been perfectly still. Now Marietta's voice in active discussion with intruders, made itself audible. Marietta was endeavoring to impress upon some obstinate visitors, first, that the signora did not receive, and second, that it was quite inconvenient, and out of the question, to attempt to make good their entrance at such an hour. Madame Peruzzi listened with an anxious flutter, sweeping up in her arms the heap of linen; while Felicia, perfectly still, heard the noise of English voices, and yet could scarcely hear them for the throbbing of her breast. But then, an indisputable reality, rang the girlish tones of Alice, speaking to some one who answered her in a voice which could belong to nobody but an elderly Englishman, doubtless Mr. Elcombe. Another colloquy, and the two had swept triumphantly in, Alice dragging after her her reluctant and troubled guardian. Felicia started to her feet as this astounding vision appeared at the door. Madame Peruzzi, who had half risen, dropped back into her chair, scattering the linen at her feet in her nervous bewilderment. There stood the little heiress in her flutter of pretty flounces, not muslin this time, but more costly silk; and there sat at the household table "the frightful old witch," whom she had ridiculed to Angelo, and who could be no other than Angelo's mother. Alice, who had come in very briskly, and on first sight of Felicia had been about to rush into her arms, checked herself at this sight. She made a little frightened courtesy, grew very red, and stood gazing at Madame Peruzzi as though she had eyes for nothing else. The old lady rose immediately, unquestionably a very odd figure, and "received" her visitors with as much equanimity as she could muster, and the utmost exuberance of Italian politeness. But Alice's fright had startled all her Italian

out of her little girl's head, and Mr. Elcombe stumbling forward, upset the charcoal pan and its white ashes, covering himself with confusion, and adding, if possible, to the awkwardness of the scene. Nobody spoke a word at first but Madame Peruzzi and only Felicia understood what Madame Peruzzi said; but when Mr. Elcombe began to stammer and apologize in English, and in the utmost embarrassment, the old lady, discovered so terribly out of *toilette*, and in employment so commonplace, addressed herself in incomprehensible explanations to him. But that the younger persons of the group were moved by much more serious feelings, the combination would have been simply ludicrous; but Alice, who had come in with all the energy and earnestness of a purpose, was so utterly confounded and dismayed by the sight of Madame Peruzzi, and Felicia was so anxious and so painfully excited, that they added quite a tragical element to the other by-play, and presently swept its lighter current into the course of their own stronger emotion. Singularly enough, the first idea which struck Alice was horror and disgust, not at the appearance of her lover's mother, but at her own unintentional levity and cruelty in speaking of her to Angelo; and all the youthful kindness towards Angelo which she dignified by the name of love, sprang up in double force in the warm rebound of her generous feelings. She had done him wrong—she returned with vehemence and earnestness to the idea which had brought her here.

"Felicia," she cried, "beg Madame Peruzzi to forgive us for intruding on her. Tell her we speak no Italian; 'do tell her, pray! I can't think of the words, and there is no time.—Have you told her?—does she understand you, Felicia? Oh, thank you! If she only knew how wicked and cruel I once was about her, she would hate me; but how could I tell it was his mother? She is not like him—not the least in the world. Felicia, we watched at the window and saw Angelo go out, and then we came to you. Mr. Elcombe says he will trust what you say; and so should I, if it were for my life. O Felicia, this time you must answer me! Mr. Elcombe says it shall be as you say. If you say Angelo loves me, he will give his consent; if you say it, I will wait for him, if it should be a dozen years!"

Felicia uttered a little cry of impatience and

anger. "I said yesterday this question was not to be asked of me. I said I could not answer it—I will not answer it! It is cruel! Why do you come again to me?"

"Felicia! have I any one else whom I can ask?" cried Alice, taking her reluctant hand and caressing it, as she looked up with her girlish, coaxing, entreating looks in Felicia's face. "You said you liked me—you said you were fond of me; and when it may make me happy or unhappy all my life, you will never have the heart to refuse me now."

"There is but one person who can answer such a question; let him speak for himself. Can I tell what is in Angelo's heart?" said his cousin, with a kind of despair. "I told you so before; you must ask himself, and not me. Am I a spy to know what is in his heart?"

"But I have asked Angelo, and I cannot tell whether he is in jest or earnest," said Alice, with a plaintive mingling of pique and humility. "Felicia, Felicia! I do not know what to do, or what to trust to, if you do not tell me; and it is for all my life!"

"For all your life! You are only sixteen; you do not know what life is," cried Felicia.

"And that is all the more reason you should tell me," said Alice, stealing once more to her side. "Mr. Elcombe says I might pledge my whole life, and then find out—Felicia! I trust only in you!"

"She says truly; the young man of course must preserve his consistency," said Mr. Elcombe. "Speak to her; you are reasonable, and know—for his sake as well as hers. She will be content with nothing else."

"Felicia! tell me!" cried Alice, clasping her hands.

Felicia had risen up, and stood drawing back into the corner of the room—her face burning, her eyes glowing, an indignant despair possessing her. All this time Angelo's mother had been looking on amazed and uncomprehending; even her presence was some support to the poor girl. Now Madame Peruzzi, struck by a new idea, and stimulated by the frequent sound of Angelo's name, the only word she understood, left the room, hurriedly. Felicia stood drawing back, holding up her hands to defend herself from the advance of Alice, saying she could not tell what—eager disclaimers of being reasonable and able to tell, indignant appeals against being asked. Her voice grew shrill in her trouble.



What had she to do with it? She had always said so!—she had never stood between them!—why should she answer now?

"Because you are my friend," cried Alice, suddenly throwing herself into Felicia's arms, breaking down her defences, and clasping her appealing hands—"because I have no one to trust but you—because I take you for my sister. Felicia! does Angelo love me?"

"No! Alice, go away from me—you will kill me. No!—he loves *me*!" cried poor Felicia, with a sob and cry. Then she sank down without further word or thought upon the floor—her head throbbing, her heart beating, insensible to every thing but that forced utterance, which came with no triumph, but with a pang indescribable from the bottom of her heart. She felt that some one endeavored to draw her clasped hands from her face, and raise her from the ground; but she resisted, and kept there crouching down into her corner, thrilling with a passion of indignant shame, bitterness, and undeserved suffering. Why was this extorted, wrung from *her*?—why was *she* driven to confess it, as though she was the culprit? She desired no more to raise her eyes to the light; she was sick of scrutiny, sick of questions, conscious of no wish but to disappear from everybody's sight, and hide herself where neither Alice nor Angelo should see her more. She had said it, but she had no pleasure in it. She heard a murmur of voices, without caring to hear what was said or who was speaking. She had no longer either friend or cousin. Alice and Angelo were alike lost to her now. Nothing in the world seemed to remain visible to her through those eyes blinded with tears, and covered with her hands, save a flight somewhere into some unknown, solitary country, and no comfort but the dreary consciousness of having separated herself from everybody she cared for, by that burst of plain-speaking, the inevitable truth.

#### CHAPTER VII.

FIVE years afterwards, a little English village had brightened to a public holiday. The place was a tiny hamlet of some twenty cottages, bearing conspicuous tokens of being close to somebody's lodge-gates who was pleased with pretty cottages, and wealthy enough to encourage the culture of the same. It was as easy to predicate, from the state of the gardens, that a flower-show and prizes

were somewhere in the neighborhood, as to conclude that the holder of the curacy under whose care that tiny Gothic chapel and school-house had sprung into existence, wore a long, priestly coat and waistcoat buttoned up to the chin, and was slightly "high." The little village street was gay with a triumphal arch of boughs and flowers, for the five years were slightly exceeded and the season was May. The sky was doubtful, uncertain, sunny and showery—an airy, breezy, variable English morning, with no such steady glory in its light as the skies of Italy; and any thing more unlike the lofty houses of the Via Giugnio than those low, rural cottages could not have been supposed. Along the road, where the sunshine and the shadows pursued each other, a bright little procession came irregularly along, with the flutter and variable movement which belongs to a feminine march. It was a christening party, headed by an important group of womankind guarding and encircling the one atom of weak humanity disguised in flowing muslin skirts, who was the hero of the day. Behind, at a little distance, were the ladies and gentlemen, godfathers and godmothers, papa and mamma. The little mother in thanksgiving robes of white, with delicate roses on her soft cheek, and sweet lights of womanly triumph and gratitude in her eyes, called herself still Alice, but not Alice Clayton, and had blossomed out into a cordial and sweet young womanhood, prettier in her mother-pride than at saucy sixteen, when all her life, as the child supposed, hung upon the question, whether Angelo Peruzzi loved *her*, or sought only her fortune. Small thought of Angelo Peruzzi was in that sunshiny existence now. Behind Alice and her husband—yet not behind from any wish of theirs, or any distinction made by them—came a young woman alone. More marked in her characteristic Italian features than she used to be, five years older—perhaps, if no longer moved by active agitation, graver than formerly—it was still Felicia; "a young person" whom Alice's country neighbors could not comprehend—who did not choose to accept the entire equality which her friend would fain have forced upon her, and whose position in the young and gay household which called Alice mistress, was a grave, doubtful, half house-keeper position, in which *she* found no inconvenience, and which suited Alice perfectly, but did not satisfy the excellent neighbors,

who had difficulty in making out whether or not Miss Antini was "a person to know." Felicia in Holmsleigh was twice as Italian as Felicia in Florence had been, and looked back strangely enough to that uncomfortable and agitating period of her existence with sighs and smiles and recollections which touched her heart. Madame Peruzzi's cold rooms no longer chilled her, and she was no longer repelled by that unlovely, unhome-like life of which memory preserved only the brighter parts. Yet nearly five years had passed since Felicia had either heard or seen any thing of her Italian friends. The day on which she had made that confession which Alice extorted from her—a confession which she found afterwards, to her greatly increased horror, to have been made in the very presence of Angelo, and immediately confirmed by him—had been her last day in the Via Giugnio.

Alice, who bore her disappointment magnanimously, if disappointment it was, and who felt greatly shocked at the evident and extreme suffering of Felicia, had half entreated, half compelled, the poor girl to accompany her home. Felicia could scarcely be persuaded to see her cousin again; when she consented at last, she too had her caprice. He whom Alice would no longer wait for, must either relinquish Felicia too, or wait the full five years for his humbler and less wealthy love: perhaps other conditions were added which neither of them mentioned—but it was thus the cousins had parted. In the mean time, Madame Peruzzi died, and when Felicia mentioned Angelo at all, she spoke of him as a relation whom she should never see again. But the five years were past, and sometimes, unawares to herself she started at an unusual sound in the house, and trembled and grew pale at an unexpected arrival. A possibility, however stoutly one may deny it, is still so powerful over that unruly imagination which is aided and abetted by the heart.

Thus she went lingering along the road, after Mrs. Alice and her handsome husband, to the heir of Holmsleigh's christening, thinking, she would have said, of nothing in particular—of the passage of time, and the slow yet rapid progress of life—wonderfully grave and philosophic reflections, quite becoming to the inauguration of the new generation, as any one aware of them would have naturally said. But when the christening was over, and there

was nothing but rejoicing in the house and park, where all the villagers, and a little crowd of other tenants, were feasted outside, and the great people had a grand dinner in the evening, Felicia continued wistful and contemplative still. The continual arrival of the carriages startled her, and kept her uneasy. She could not help a lingering idea that some one or other of them some day—this evening or another—might bring that stranger to Holmsleigh, whom she professed never to expect. There was no reason in the world to think of him-to-night; but the noise and commotion and perpetual arrivals startled her; she was uneasy and anxious, and could not tell how it was.

At last the arrivals were over—the dinner was over. That moment of repose, which the ladies spend alone in the drawing-room—blissful moment after the troubles of a grand dinner—fell calm and grateful upon Felicia. She was past being snubbed by her friend's fine neighbors; she was quite sure of her position, if nobody else was; and people began to know as much. She sat in her usual quiet place, with her usual cheerfulness recovered. Another arrival! she was surprised and vexed to find how the sounds of these wheels ringing through the evening quiet disturbed her composure again. Of course, it was somebody invited for the evening; could nobody come or go without a fever on her part? She sat doubly still, and busied herself all the more with the prose of her next neighbor by way of self-punishment, and would not look up when the door opened to see who entered the room.

Would not look up for the first moment,—then she did look up. The person who entered was a gentleman alone—a soldier—the only man in the room, and he certainly had not been at dinner. Felicia was much too ignorant to know what his uniform was. It was not an English red coat; but she caught at the distance the gleam of a medal, the familiar Crimean medal, well enough known to her, on his breast. He had not been announced, but had sent his name to Alice, who was quite at the other end of the room. It was a very long apartment, stretching across the entire side of the house; the door was quite at one end, and Alice, as it happened, quite at the other. Felicia could not hear a word her neighbor was saying to her, but she could hear her own heart beat, and she could

hear the slightest stir of motion the stranger made; the stranger, brown, bearded, and medalled, whom certainly she had never seen before, and did not know. Just then a little cry of joy and amazement from Alice struck her ear. Looking up, she saw the little mistress of the house running past her, with her girlish curls dancing about her ears, and her foot as light and unrestrained as though no responsibilities of wifehood or motherhood lay on her bright little head. Alice's face was flushed with surprise and pleasure, and her eyes fixed upon the stranger. Involuntarily, and by an impulse she could not restrain, Felicia rose. She did not know him! she had never seen him before; and yet, when Alice ran to meet him, she could not keep her seat. Alice ran with both her hands held out. When she met the stranger, Felicia bent forward with a face like marble. "Angelo!" It was not Angelo; and yet that was *his* name.

When Felicia came to herself she was in another room, with only Alice bending over her, and somebody behind in the twilight, who was not distinguishable save by some gleams of reflection, especially one which shone over Alice's head strangely like the medal upon that soldier's breast. Felicia did not answer the tender inquiries of her little friend; she turned towards this undiscernible figure and pointed almost imperiously—"Who is it?" she cried, and the foolish little kind creature by her side kept hold of her hands, and kissed her, and wasted a world of caressing words "to break it to her." "Who is it?" cried Felicia: and then the stranger took matters into his own hands,—for to be

sure it was Angelo—Angelo himself, five years older, a Sardinian soldier, though a Tuscan poor gentleman, with a beard and a captain's commission, and her Britannic Majesty's Crimean medal upon his breast. As the three stood together in the twilight, or at least a minute later, when only two stood together, and the little mistress of the house had returned to her guests, Felicia was able to forgive Alice for her anxiety not to startle her, and her care in "breaking" the news.

But what had he to do with arms, that pacific Florentine? and with the Sardinian uniform and foreign wars? "You remember how I told you there was nothing to do, Felicia," explained the returned soldier, days after, when Alice and her husband listened too; "but men who can do nothing else can fight,—it is an idler's natural profession. Every Italian like me has not an English cousin; but time is doing your work, Felicia, and some time or other the rulers in our country will learn at last to know that men who are good for little else are very good for soldiers; and that people who may not work will fight."

Plain politics—not hard to understand; and Felicia, perhaps, was less hard to please than before, and found great comfort in that Crimean medal. What natural consequences followed this visit to England of Captain Angelo Peruzzi it may not be necessary to particularize, nor where they went to live, nor what kind of *ménage* was their Anglo-Italian one; but it was a better ending to Angelo's innocent fortune-hunting than if Alice had made him master of Holmsleigh, and waited for him five years.

A NEW PROCESS FOR WATERING STREETS is now being tried at Lyons, and has so far been attended with success. A chemist of that city having accidentally spilt some hydrochloric acid on a terrace of his, found that it hardened the spot on which it had fallen and maintained it in a state of permanent moisture. This led him to think that by watering the streets with this acid, the dust on large macadamized roads might be laid, or rather prevented from rising. Experiments were first made on the Cours Napoleon between the Rhone and the Perrache station. The success was complete, and has also proved durable, the carriage-way having now been several months free from dust; and another experi-

ment is now being made on the Place Bellecour. During the hottest part of the day, the ground, although dry and gravelly, has the appearance of being as consistent and damp as if it had been watered half an hour before. But as evening approaches the moisture becomes more and more perceptible. Every morning the ground is stiffer, and more comfortable to walk on. This may be easily accounted for: the acid, decomposing the gravel or stone, forms one or several deliquescent salts, which therefore attract the moisture of the air. The question as to whether roads thus watered are likely to last as long as they ought, can only be decided by time.

From The Economist, 27 Aug.

### PROGRESS OF ITALIAN CONFEDERATION.

THE formation of a Federal Union in Italy, broached at the meeting of the two Emperors at Villafranca, is making rapid way—though not exactly in the fashion or with the result intended by those Potentates. The process of union and the mode in which it is achieved deserve close attention. Every state and province which has had an opportunity, in a fair and legal way, of expressing the wishes of its people, has been unanimous in favor of a junction with Piedmont, and has announced this decision with a promptitude, steadiness, and calmness, in every way remarkable. Lombardy was annexed, it is true, by the nominal cession of the Emperor of Austria and the transfer of the Emperor of France; but the Lombard municipalities immediately met and enthusiastically confirmed the transaction. The Duchy of Parma, including Piacenza, decided to join Modena and share her fate; while Modena has decreed the *déchéance* of her former sovereign and her annexation to the Kingdom of Sardinia. Tuscany has done the same; and the Provisional Government of Bologna—which we understand to represent the whole, or nearly the whole, of that portion of the Papal States bordering on the Adriatic, and usually known as the Legations—has, we are told, come to a similar conclusion. And it must always be borne in mind that this singular unanimity of decision has everywhere been arrived at fairly and freely. We say *fairly*, because in the most important case certainly, and in all, we believe, no underhand intrigues on the part of Sardinia have been employed to bring about this result, while strong influences have been brought to bear in favor of the dethroned dynasties. It is well known that, so far from seeking to lead the grand duke into any steps which might bring him into collision with his subjects, the Sardinian government, at the outset of the war, used every means of persuasion and entreaty to induce that prince to join the national cause, and so save and secure his throne. The details and the proofs may be seen in a remarkable article in the last number of the *National Review*, the facts of which were drawn from original and most authentic sources. It is notorious, too, that the French envoy, Count de Reiset, has for many weeks been using every conceivable argument to induce the Tuscans and Modenese to receive back their discarded sovereigns, but without the faintest encouragement or success. And we say *freely*, because the assemblies which have come to these patriotic and rational decisions have not been got together by management or intrigue, or dominated by mob menaces, or elected by the mere hasty acclamations

of an excited populace; but have been deliberately and formally chosen from the whole body of the people by the fairest electoral law extant; and have for the most part consisted of the most substantial and respected among their fellow-citizens.

Now, from the promptitude and unanimity of these decisions in favor of a junction with Piedmont, we draw two conclusions. The first is, that the moderate or Constitutional party are entirely and everywhere in the ascendant; and to them, we know from the experience of Piedmont, may be safely intrusted the conduct of free institutions. Europe can have no fear of popular violence or democratic folly in a movement which is headed by such men as Capponi, Azeglio, and Farini. Either the Republican party is weak, or it is wise:—either it has been too much decimated and discouraged, by the constant failures of those *éméutes* which Mazzini was constantly getting up, to be able to come forward in any strength, or it is too patriotic to desire, by the intrusion of a disturbing and inharmonious element, to mar or risk the success of a cause which at present is prospering beyond our most sanguine hopes. As to the degree of sound political sagacity manifested in these decisions, we do not think there can be any doubt. The choice offered to these states lay between declaring a republic, choosing new princes, or annexing themselves to the only Italian monarchy which shared their sympathies, and was already in possession of those free institutions which it was their most cherished and ardent aspiration to share. It was plain that to declare for a republic, would in all likelihood bring the Mazzinian or insurrectionary party to the top, and would certainly alienate the good feeling and forfeit the admiration of all the monarchical states of Europe, if not bring down direct French and Austrian intervention. If they decided for a new and separate dynasty, where were they to look for scions of princely or royal houses for the vacant thrones? Out of Turin, Italy furnishes none such—none at least who are not as detested and as ineligible as the old cashiered offenders. England it is notorious would have turned a deaf ear to any proposal of the sort. The Italians hate the very notion of a German ruler. France, and the new dynasty of France, could alone have supplied the desiderated prince; and how little wise or welcome such a choice would have been in the Peninsula and throughout Europe we can well understand. There remained, therefore, really no way out of the difficulty except the one they have chosen—voluntary union with Piedmont.

The second conclusion we draw is this:—If Louis Napoleon backs and sanctions the proposed annexations, he may yet, in a great



measure, redeem the reputation, as the friend and deliverer of Italy, which he sacrificed to a momentary exigency at Villafranca. It is true, Venetia, which merited a better fate, is still left within the grasp of Austria,—but this error subsequent diplomacy and purchase may possibly cancel and atone for. But if Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Legations are united to Sardinia, as the indirect result of the war, then the main portion of Italy, “from the Alps to the Adriatic,” will be really free; the rest will inevitably follow in God’s good time; and Louis Napoleon must be held to have deserved well of the Italians, to have given them in a measure that emancipation (or the means of achieving it) which he promised to them, and to have fairly purchased security from those secret dangers which were understood to menace him at the hands of disappointed and deluded patriots. For Sardinia, thus augmented, will be an extensive and powerful state—far the most powerful in the Peninsula—comprising territories of vast fertility, and a population of singular intelligence and most industrious and frugal habits. Victor Emmanuel will reign over *ten millions* of subjects, whereas King Leopold has only *four millions and a half*, the King of Holland only *three millions*, and the King of Naples only *eight millions*.

The population of Sardinia is now about	4,500,000
“ Lombardy (annexed),	2,500,000
“ Tuscany,	1,500,000
“ Parma, Modena, etc.,	1,000,000
“ Bologna and the Legations,	1,000,000
	<hr/> 10,500,000

With ten millions of citizens, dwelling in the most fertile lands in Europe, developing their resources under the protection and encouragement of free institutions, and kept down neither by excessive taxation, nor unwise commercial restrictions, nor repressive and ignorant misgovernment, surely a state may be formed able to maintain its independence, and having blessings to fight for worth defending to the death.

One further conclusion is fairly deducible from the recent conduct of the Italians. Local and municipal jealousies must have much less hold on the Italian mind than has been usually affirmed;—or their wisdom and patriotism have proved strong enough to override and silence all such disturbing sentiments. In either case, the matter is one of the most hopeful augury.

Of course, we have no means of knowing what are the sentiments of the French emperor in reference to these several proceedings, but what should be the line taken by English diplomacy can admit of no difference of opinion whatever. Our most strenuous

exertions should be directed to persuade both parties to the peace of Villafranca, and especially our more immediate ally, to adhere faithfully to his own promise, and at once confirm by his adhesion that expression of feeling on the part of the Italian people which it is impossible to doubt is genuine, earnest, unbiassed, irrevocable, and all but unanimous.

From The Examiner, 27 Aug.

QUIS SEPARABIT?

THE fate of the Italian duchies is trembling in the balance. What will it be? With one voice the inhabitants of Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and Bologna have pronounced in favor of union with Piedmont. All old traditional jealousies have been laid aside, if they are not absolutely forgotten, in the wise and generous desire of permanent consolidation of resources against foreign and domestic oppression. We would not do the Tuscans or the Bolognese the injustice of supposing that they are impelled by a mere passionate impatience of local misrule, and ready to abnegate their ancient individuality in an unreflecting eagerness to share in the homage paid to the first successful soldier-king whom Italy could call her own for many a day. Every thing about the recent demonstrations tends to prove that they have been as thoughtful and deliberate as they have been spontaneous and enthusiastic. Bitter experience has taught the various communities of the Peninsula the paramount importance of the maxim of the American Revolutionists of 1774—“United we stand—divided we fall;” and as the simplest and plainest mode of expressing their longing after national unity, they have in their elective assemblies everywhere offered to accept Victor Emmanuel for their sovereign. But in every case the offer has been accompanied with conditions showing that they intend to reserve to themselves the right of determining the measure and form of their future liberties. It is rather as the federal head of the United States of Italy that the central provinces have declared their preference for the House of Savoy above all others. Their distrust and detestation of the families of Lorraine, Este, and Bourbon is indeed the result of long and dreary experience. They know them to be incorrigible, and will not have them again, if they can help it, at any price. But their apparent unconsciousness that there could be any other candidates for princely honors, and their marvellous unanimity in calling on the victor of Palestro to come and rule over them, is wholly inexplicable, save on the supposition that the idea of country is, in the popular mind, paramount to all others, and that the hope of seeing a strong, free, and indigenous government established in Northern and Central Italy is that in com-

parison with which all local and sectional objects seem as naught.

And what is the interest of Europe generally in the matter? Can there be a doubt that it is identical with that which the people of the duchies feel to be theirs? Had Ferdinand the Fugitive never hung about the Austrian camp at Solferino, had Bologna never blushed beneath the epicene oppression of a cardinal, were Robert of Parma not a mere child, or the family of Modena not afflicted with incurable political madness, it would still be an infinite blessing for Europe that Italy should be rid of them all; and that a state, strong enough to defend its independence, and free enough to absorb and satisfy the aspirations of a great and illustrious race, should be constituted south of the Alps. So long as the Peninsula remains divided into a number of petty and powerless principalities, each of them will look for protection in case of need to Austria or to France. It has been so for centuries, and must be, the circumstances remaining unaltered to the end of time. England, Germany, Russia, and every other state which desires the tranquillity and welfare of Christendom, has a deep interest in seeing a termination of such a condition of things. It has proved an inextinguishable source of danger to the general peace, and nobody seriously believes that even were the superseded dynasties capable, reliable, or estimable, their restoration would settle matters for the next seven years. What, then, is the prospect, when the whole of the communities hitherto cursed by their sway have solemnly renounced their allegiance, and protested publicly against their re-imposition upon them?

Notwithstanding all this, ominous whisperings are in the air, that impute new plots against the newly United States of Italy; and sinister mutterings are heard of an agreement between the imperial chess-players of Villafranca, to exchange certain pieces and make it a drawn game.

If Tuscany be surrendered as an appanage to the cousin of Napoleon, Modena, Parma, and Venetia will be handed back in chains to the tender mercies of Francis Joseph, by whom they will be governed as of yore, through the agency of archducal viceroys. But will the rest of Europe stand mutely by and see these murders done?

From *The Economist*, 3 Sept.

#### POSITION OF ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

THE difficulties of the Italian question seem to be drawing to a head, and to be clamorous for a speedy solution. At the same time, it is important to observe that they are difficulties only on the supposition of secret and

sinister designs being entertained by one or other of the Great Powers more immediately concerned; and, therefore, we are sanguine in the anticipation that resolute and zealous representations emanating from our government may contribute materially to a satisfactory settlement of the interests involved.

Let us see distinctly the present position of affairs. The war was avowedly undertaken to emancipate the Italian States from Austrian influence:—if that issue is secured, the war must be held, not only to be a success, but to be one of the grandest and most rapid successes recorded in history:—if that issue is not secured, it must be regarded as one of the most wasteful and unprofitable wars on record. As far as Venetia is concerned, it is obvious that for the present the French emperor has fallen short of his original design and of his published promise; but it rests with him now to determine whether (this single exception and shortcoming apart) all the rest of his object shall be attained. Unfortunately, at the treaty of Villafranca, he agreed that the fugitive princes of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma should be restored, and it is said that the Emperor of Austria specially insisted upon this provision. What is the precise force and meaning of the words employed it is not easy to ascertain. Francis Joseph will probably urge that it must have meant that Louis Napoleon would not only recommend their people to receive them back, but would either enforce his recommendation himself, or at all events offer no obstacle to the employment of such coercion by Austria. Louis Napoleon, on the contrary, will probably argue that the agreement meant nothing more than that he would join Austria loyally in using his best influence with the Tuscans and Modenese to persuade them to comply with the decision of the Great Powers—that to do more would be contrary to the express promise of his proclamation at Milan—and that to use force, or permit force to be used, against peoples who rose in arms to assist him after they had been abandoned by their own rulers, would be a baseness and dishonor to which he could not for one moment be expected to descend. Whether Austria may not have reasonable ground to complain of this interpretation as an evasion of the treaty—whether Louis Napoleon ought to have consented to such a provision at all, or ought not to have had it defined in more precise and limiting language—may well admit of question; but it appears quite certain now that such is the interpretation by which he intends to abide; and we rejoice that it is so, for it is the only one compatible with decency, with peace, with his own fair fame, or with the clearest international morality. The dukes had not only fled from their thrones, but had

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fled to the Austrian camp. The Tuscans, Parmese, and Modenese had risen at Louis Napoleon's call, and had sent troops to his camp:—he *could not*, therefore, either trample them down himself, or see them trampled down by his antagonist.

At all events, the article in the *Constitutionnel* leaves no doubt on this head. The *Constitutionnel*—though not an official organ, and therefore probably chosen on this occasion in preference to the *Moniteur*, in order to avoid giving diplomatic ground of offence to Austria—has a certain semi-official character: we all know that such an article could not have appeared without the sanction or connivance of the authorities; and, moreover, the style and words employed are so distinctly and peculiarly *imperial*, that their authoritative character does not admit of question. "His majesty (says the paragraph) has not yet given up all hope of success, and will fulfil loyally to the end his disinterested mission; but if he should not succeed in re-uniting the princes and the peoples in mutual accord, it is not his intention to force either the one or the other. It is not the wish of his majesty to follow the errors of the old Austrian policy, *whose armed intervention in the affairs of the Peninsula has ceased forever*. We have given to the Italian peoples advice which we believe to be wise and prudent, which if they do not follow it will grieve us, but which we could not press upon them by force. To us Italy owes her independence; we shall not take away again from her what we gave her yesterday."

It is clear, then, that the fugitive princes are not to be forced back. It is equally clear that their quondam subjects will not, under any persuasion, receive them back except upon coercion. They are, therefore, henceforth out of the question—*scratched*, as the sporting phrase is. As far as regards the *negative* decision of the inhabitants of the three duchies, Louis Napoleon is resolved that they shall have fair play. Will he be equally just and wise as regards their *positive* decision; viz., that they will annex themselves to Piedmont? We hope he will. We are sure he ought. There can be little difficulty in showing that, as regards the *real* interests of Italy, of Europe, of France, even of Austria, and certainly of Louis Napoleon himself, this issue is the most desirable—and indeed the only desirable one—that is attainable. As far as Sardinia and the duchies are concerned, no other arrangement would afford any prospect of peace, security, or dignified and genuine independence. The position of Sardinia—exposed to the ever-watchful enmity of Austria and dependent on the capricious and questionable friendship of France—has always been precarious in the extreme; and has not

been rendered less so by the annexation of Lombardy. The preservation of her independence was always an affair of tact, of forbearance, of skilful perception as to how much ought to be endured, and when resistance should begin. She was always exposed to menacing demands from one powerful neighbor,—and to influential recommendations from another. The separate existence of the duchies would have been exposed to still greater perils. They would never really have been able to repel either remonstrance or advice, however unpalatable or unjust. They could have existed only on sufferance, and by foreign protection. They, as well as Piedmont, would have been constantly under the necessity of appealing for French interference against Austrian dictation.

Nothing, moreover, would have been easier than for ill-wishing intriguers to sow so much discord and to inflame so many petty jealousies between the several small states as long as they remained separate, as would have afforded pretexts and excuses for perpetual interventions from without. But their union with Sardinia will at once create a state—independent, self-supporting, and endowed with intrinsic strength—large and populous enough to have the right to claim and the power to hold a substantive and influential place among the secondary powers of Europe. Indeed, with her ten millions of citizens, she would rank the very first in real importance and consideration after the five Great Powers; for Spain, though counting a population of twelve or thirteen millions, is too unenergetic and too torn by discord and misgovernment to count for much in European politics. The "Kingdom of Northern Italy," too, once formed, would be capable of gradual, peaceful, and natural increase, by the ultimate purchase of Venetia, and the probable annexation of all Romagna which proved unnecessary for Papal dignity and independence;—while the fusion of municipal distinctions would remove all barriers to the development of internal resources and the accumulation of national wealth. For Europe, any arrangement which would make Italy self-supporting, and eliminate "The Italian Question" from the list of those that afford perennial menace to the peace of the world, would be welcome as showers in May. England especially, and we hope Prussia also, would rejoice to see established in the south of Europe a monarchy sustained by free institutions and inhabited by an intelligent and commercial people like their own.

But it is feared that France and Austria—agreeing in nothing else—might concur in objecting to an arrangement which would put an end at once to that influence over the affairs of Italy, which Austria has long exercised

and which France has long envied. But if it ended their respective influence, it would end one of the chief sources of their discord also. It would give the victory to neither rival, but would simply remove the prize of the contest from the field. A powerful Kingdom of Northern Italy—able to sustain itself—would be an equal barrier against France and against Austria. It is just what each—supposing them to have no selfish or sinister designs, but each merely to desire the counteraction of the other's interferences and encroachments—should most especially desire. And assuredly the arrangement would be preferred by both parties to the only possible alternatives. It must surely suit France better to see the duchies united to a friendly state like Piedmont than to hand them over to princes of Austrian blood and slaves to Austrian dictation. It must surely suit Austria better to see them form part of an Italian state, even though that state be her enemy, than to have them consolidated into a province for a Prince of Napoleonic family, who would reign there as a proconsul of France, and introduce into the very heart of the Peninsula that French influence which for centuries Austria has been struggling to annihilate and banish.

Upon the line of conduct adopted by the emperor of the French at the present conjuncture, will, in a great measure, depend the interpretation which Europe will put upon his past proceedings. Upon that conduct will also depend the light in which the Italians will regard him,—whether he shall be worshipped as a Liberator, or condemned and detested as a Betrayer. If he bows to their decision, respects their choice, and protects them against any attempt to override it, he will, indeed, have deserved well of Italy, of Europe, and of France as well. For France cannot but be a gainer by the removal of a cause of strife and danger which was a source of increasing disturbance and expense. Providence has granted to Louis Napoleon one more opportunity of earning a reputation for beneficence, disinterestedness, and sincerity. If he now sanctions and supports that union of the duchies with Piedmont, which is unquestionably the desire and want of the universal heart of Italy, he will have done much to clear up whatever has been doubtful, and to atone for what has been blamable, in his previous career. If he shall embrace and honorably follow out the only true and righteous policy, a new epoch both for Italy and for Europe will have been inaugurated, and to him must fairly be assigned the credit and the praise.

From The Press, 8 Sept.

#### THE ITALIAN KNOT.

INDEPENDENCE, even when it has become a possession, is by no means so easy a thing to manage as appears to be supposed, especially by a people so accustomed to have a reed to help them that they have preferred to take one that ran into their hand rather than have nothing to lean upon. Yet some of our contemporaries say to the population of Central Italy, "Make a constitution, and govern yourselves," as if it were "as easy as lying," and oburgate them in the most violent language for the failure which they confidently anticipate. Now, we would remind these despairing and angry friends of freedom that Italians have been accustomed, for a long series of years, to be governed and to be fought for by other people, and that they have as little use in the management of independence as the prince in the fairy tale had in the direction of the wonderful flying horse. The *Times* feels sure that the Tuscans will throw themselves on their faces and scream for assistance the moment they come to a real difficulty. It may be so. We should see such a break-down with the deepest regret. But at all events they are not come to that pass yet, and we think it would be not only more generous, but far wiser, to speak the language of encouragement to them for the earnest moderation and wisdom which they have exhibited up to this time, than to depress their minds and enfeeble their new feelings and aspirations by sneering prophecies that their efforts will all come to nothing.

It is not surprising that the duchies of Central Italy should desire to be annexed to Sardinia. The aspect of affairs is mightily altered since the emperor of the French first gave indications that he meant to put in action the idea contained in the famous Ney letter, of 1848. The scheme for the execution of which Napoleon created a war in Italy has been utterly abandoned. The pope on the one side, and Germany on the other, moral influence and physical force, cut down the great programme of Italian regeneration to the dimensions of a military parade. And if the emperor has a distinct plan now, it is of a different complexion from either of those which he enunciated to Europe, and concerns, probably, French influence in Rome and the Papal States, more than the regeneration of Italy at large. The Italians, no doubt, perceive this, and have become aware that it is useless to look to France for the eradication of the cancer which is eating away the vitality of their country. It is perfectly natural that



under these circumstances Central Italy, eager for civil and religious liberty, should turn to the only Roman Catholic Power which has had the courage and ability to vindicate its own rights, and to wrest itself out of the grasp of the pope. We shall certainly, however, not be surprised to find both the late belligerents strongly opposing such a solution of the Italian difficulty. It would probably not suit the views of either France or Austria that there should be established in Italy a kingdom sufficiently extensive in territory, and sufficiently rich and strong from its internal resources, to be enabled to dispense with and repel foreign interference and influence; but we may be permitted to doubt whether such an issue to the present complications would not, more than any other upon the cards, conduce to the preservation of peace and the assurance of progress in Europe, by taking the small states of Italy out of the category of bones of contention. It is essential for the advancement of civilization, and most material to the interests of this country, that these states should cease to be prizes to be climbed for, like watches and legs of mutton on the

top of a greased pole; and we entertain, we confess, great doubts whether this end would be obtained by the institution of a Confederation such as that which appears to have been contemplated by the constructors of the Peace of Villafranca. Indeed, it is very questionable whether the attempt would not lead to a second war. Intervention by force in the duchies is, we trust, out of the question. France is not disposed, and Austria must not be permitted, to adopt so scandalous a course. Neither, we consider, is it within the competence of the conference of belligerent powers at Zurich to take the matter in hand. There remain, then, but two possible modes of solution. The one is to leave the Italians unfettered to complete the task which they have undertaken, and the other is to refer the problem to a Congress of European Powers. For this latter course we at present see neither necessity nor pretence. It should only be resorted to in the event of the people of Italy failing in the work they have commenced. Let them, at all events, try for themselves to establish and manage their independence.

A VENERABLE DENIZEN OF ARUNDEL CASTLE, says the *West-Sussex Gazette*, expired on Thursday last. It was a very, very old owl. Many years ago some very fine specimens of the horned owl were introduced into the keep by the then Earl of Arundel; and their descendants have continued to occupy a place in this ancient building up to the present period. There are now living seven birds in all, the eldest of eight having just passed away at the patriarchal age of about one hundred years. This was a very noted bird, and its death should not be passed over in silence. These owls have become almost as famous as the old Saxon keep which they occupy. They are very peculiar, and perch up in the niches of the citadel, looking on visitors with a pride which seems to bespeak the dignity of their connection with the ancient house of Howard. Since their introduction only about six have been added to the family, so that the race is not likely to become common. They usually live to a green old age, but none before have passed over one hundred summers. This bird must have been hatched in the reign of George II. Four kings have passed away since it first saw light, and many Dukes of Norfolk have been numbered with the dead. A Wellington, Napoleon Bonaparte, Nelson, and Washington have all fretted out their lives on the world's stage

within this period. It was formerly the custom of the castellan to give each of these birds a name, and from their singularly wise appearance they were invariably named after some celebrated dignitary of the law. One was called Lord Eldon, and the subject of this notice was dubbed Lord Thurlow, we presume in total ignorance of the sex of the bird, which was in reality that of the feminine gender. As may be supposed, it is quite an event for an egg to be deposited by these aristocratic birds. They do not average among them one a year, and it is seldom that they are productive. The last bird, however, is one of the finest of the collection; this was hatched about six or seven years ago. The oldest denizen of the keep is now about sixty-three years of age. The famous "Lord Thurlow" owl, which has just expired, has been blind for the past twenty-five years, and in walking about in the interior of the keep invariably ran against the projections of the building. It was carefully attended to by the keeper, and died from physical exhaustion, having passed a monotonous life of a century's duration within the narrow boundaries of the keep of Arundel Castle, unconscious of the turmoils and changes which have taken place during that period in the expansive world without among the more intelligent bipeds of creation.

From The Athenæum.

*Memoirs of Libraries; including a Handbook of Library Economy.* By Edward Edwards. 2 vols. (Triebner and Co.)

THESE "Memoirs of Libraries" fill two thick octavo volumes, containing one thousand nine hundred and thirteen pages of text; sufficient, it will be imagined by most readers, to exhaust the subject. Mr. Edwards thinks otherwise. In his preface he modestly says, "I cannot hope to do much more than bring together materials which have hitherto been widely scattered, and arrange them, to the best of my ability, in serviceable order. In this way, the present book . . . may help to pioneer the way for a better book hereafter from a worthier pen." In these few words Mr. Edwards has pronounced a judgment upon his own work.

We believe that fifteen years have been spent in collecting materials for this book, and it is with regret we see so unsatisfactory a result. Much material has been brought together; but the process of digestion has been imperfectly performed. The author has not been at the pains of discriminating between those statements which are trustworthy and those which are not. We nowhere find that he has visited the libraries he describes. The work appears to be mere compilation: a gathering together of the statements of others—some printed, some termed manuscript correspondence, which means, we presume, answers to questions addressed to various librarians. All who have given any attention to the statistics of libraries know how extremely fallacious are the statements usually put forth respecting them, and how extremely difficult it is to arrive at the truth even by personal application and inspection. Those who may wish to be enlightened upon the subject will find some curious illustrations of the truth of this remark, *à propos* to the statistics of Mr. Edwards himself, in the *Athenæum* of November 17 and 24, and December 8, 1849, and January 5, 1850; in the *Serapæum* for January 15, 1850, and in the *North British Review* of May, 1851.

In his description, or memoir, of the American libraries, Mr. Edwards has drawn his information almost entirely from the labors of Prof. Jewett, and writes in a style of confidence well calculated to lull suspicion; but Prof. Jewett, who had much better opportunities of knowing his subject than Mr. Edwards,

says, that "these statistics were intended to represent the condition of the libraries at the middle of the year 1849; but when returns were not made, and it was necessary to take the best accounts at home, these frequently related to a time several years back." To some persons, using these returns in 1859, such a statement would present a difficulty; but not so to Mr. Edwards. To Mr. Jewett's figures he sometimes adds a few hundreds or thousands, according to the character of the library; sometimes merely places before them the words "upwards of." We do not blame Mr. Edwards for not producing accurate statistics—such a feat can hardly be accomplished; but we do object to his stating, for example, that the Philadelphia Library had in 1859 upwards of sixty thousand volumes, when Prof. Jewett informs him that it numbered sixty thousand in August, 1849; and the probability is, that it has now upwards of seventy thousand rather than sixty thousand volumes. Loose statements like these have a tendency to throw discredit over other parts of the work which may really be trustworthy.

The work is also burdened with matter of secondary importance. It commences with an account of the libraries of the ancients. A similar account was written by the venerable Thomas Hartwell Horne forty-five years ago. But then Mr. Edwards makes a most imposing display of Latin and Greek; for he has actually printed entire all the passages from Greek and Roman authors relating to ancient libraries, to which his more judicious predecessor had simply referred; and so anxious is he that nothing should be omitted that he prints the notes and textual emendations of the editors of the editions from which he makes his extracts.

To analyze this work would occupy more space than it deserves—what we have noticed will serve as a sample of the whole. Had Mr. Edwards compressed his materials into one volume, and candidly told his readers what those materials were worth, his book would have been much more useful, and would have been read with confidence and pleasure. He has, however, done some good service in bringing together so much information hitherto widely dispersed; and it is certainly to be regretted that he should have succeeded so well in creating the unpleasant conviction that the chances are about equal whether what we read be accurate or otherwise.

## GREAT ODDS AT SEA.

## A LEAF OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

OUR ships lay under Florez. You will mind 'Twas three years after Effingham had chased The Pope's armada from our English side. We had been cruising in the Western Main, Singeing some Spanish beards; and now we lay,

Light-ballasted, with empty water-casks, And half our crews disabled; our six sail— Beside two pinnaces and victuallers— Pester'd and rummaging, all out of sorts. My ship was Richard Grenville's, the Revenge. They knew Sir Richard in the Spanish seas, And told wild stories of him; their brown dames Frighted the babes with fancies of his deeds. So hard-complexion'd was he (they would say) That, when a health was drunk, he crush'd the glass

Between his teeth, and swallow'd cup and all. And then his blood-draughts—Tush! such idle tales!

We only knew a gallant gentleman Who never turn'd his back on friend or foe.

Well, lying by Florez—as I told you now— The Spanish force, unlook'd for, hove in sight, A force of fifty-three great men-of-war. Lord Thomas, taking note of their array, Deeming it vain to grapple with such odds, Signall'd his company to weigh or cut: And so all did, except our Grenville's ship, You see, we anchor'd nearest to the town, And half our men were sick on shore. Besides, Sir Richard never hurried from a fight. We got our sick on board, and safely stow'd Upon the ballast; and, that done, we weigh'd. By this, the Spaniard's on our weather-bow; And some would fain the captain should be led To back his mainsail, cast about, and trust Our sailing. Nothing of that mind was he. He would not so, he said, for any fear, Disgrace his flag, his country, or himself; But pass their squadrons through, despite of all, Forcing the Seville ships to give him way. And thus he did, on divers of the first. So—as we mariners say—they sprang their luff, And fell under our lee. But windward bore A huge high-carg'd ship the Spaniards call'd San Philip, took the breeze out of our sails, And ran aboard us. Then, entangled so, Four others, two upon our starboard bow, And two on the larboard, up and boarded us.

We helped San Philip from our lower tier, And flung her back; the other four closed in, Drove on us like so many hornet nests, Thinking their multitudes could swarm us down. We brushed them off, and brushed them off again.

The fight began at three o' the afternoon; And all the night through we kept up the game, Darkening the stars and the full harvest moon With the incessant vomit of our smoke. Ship after ship come on at our Revenge, Ne'er less than two big galleons on her side, Boarding her, as the tides wash up a rock, To fall off broken and foamy 'mid the roar Of their own thunder. They so ill approved Our entertainment, that, by break of day,

They had lost appetite for new assaults; And slunk far from us, like a ring of dogs About a crippled lion, out of reach Of daring that has taught them due respect, Watching till his last agony spends itself. Some fifteen of them grappled us in vain, Two we had sunk, and finely maul'd the rest. But, as day broaden'd out, it show'd our plight: No sail in view but the foes that hemm'd us round,

Save one of the pinnaces, which had hover'd near

To mark our chance, and now, like hare with hounds, Was hunted by the Spaniards, but escaped.

A bare one hundred men was our first count; And each slew his fifteen. But by this time Our powder was all used, and not a pike Left us, unbroken. All our rigging spoil'd; Our masts gone by the side; our upper works Shattered to pieces; and the ship herself Began to settle slowly in the sea. It was computed that eight hundred shot Of great artillery had pierced through our sides. Full forty of our men lay dead on deck; And blood enough, be sure, the living miss'd. Sir Richard, badly hurt at the very first, Would never stand aside till mid of dark; When, as they dress'd his wounds, he was shot through,

The surgeon falling on him. Still he lived, Nor blench'd his courage when all hope was gone;

But, as the morning wore, he call'd to him The master-gunner, a most resolute man, And bade him split and sink the unconquer'd ship,

Trusting God's mercy, leaving to the foe Not even a plank to bear their victory. What worth a few more hours of empty life, To stint full-handed Death of English fame?

Brave gentleman! I think we had no heart To sink so rare a treasure. Some of us Were stiffening in our pain, and faintly cared For loftier carriage; cowards were there none; But so it was, that we among us chose An honorable surrender—the first time Our captain's word refusing. I must own The Spaniard bore him very handsomely. Well pleased he was to give us soldier terms Rather than tempt the touch of our last throes; And courteously were the conditions kept. The Spanish admiral sent his own state barge To fetch our dying hero—for our ship Was marvellous unsavory, and round The Southern warriors reverently throng'd To look upon the mighty in his death: So much his worth compell'd acknowledgment. And wellnigh a new battle had burst out 'Twixt the Biscayans and the Portugals, Disputing which had boarded the Revenge.

For him, he bade them do even as they would With his unvalued body. A few hours, And Death bow'd down to crown him. Never sign

Of faintness show'd he; but in Spanish said These words, so they might be well heard by all:

"Here, with a joyful and a quiet mind,  
I, Richard Grenville, die. My life is closed  
As good a soldier's should be, who hath fought  
For country's sake, and for his faith and fame.  
Whereby from this body gladly parts my soul,  
Leaving behind the everlasting name  
Of a true soldier and right valiant man  
Who did the work that duty bade him do."

When he had finish'd these and other words  
Of suchlike grandeur, he gave up the ghost  
With stoutest courage. No man on his face  
Could see the shade of any heaviness.  
So he and Death went proudly on their way  
Upon the errand of Almighty God;  
And God's smile was the gladness of that path.

And now immediately on this great fight  
So terrible a tempest there ensued,  
As never any saw or heard the like.  
Nigh on a hundred sail of merchantmen  
Join'd their armada when the fight was done,  
Rich Indian argosies. Of all the host  
But thirty-two e'er reach'd a Spanish port.  
Their men-of-war, so riddled by our shot,  
Sank one by one; and our Revenge herself,  
Disdaining any foreign mastery,  
Regarding else her captain's foil'd intent,  
Went down, as soon as she was newly mann'd,  
Under Saint Michael's Rocks, with all her crew.  
The Spaniards said the Devil wrought their loss,  
Helping the heretics. But we know well  
How God stands by the true man in his work;  
And, if he helps not, surely will revenge  
The boldly dutiful. My tale is done.

Sir Walter Raleigh—Grenville's cousin—he  
Has given the tale in fitter words than mine.  
My story looks like shabby beggar's rags  
About a hero. But you see the Man.  
The diamond shines, however meanly set.  
Sir Walter laid his cloak before the Queen;  
But Grenville threw his life upon that deck  
For Honor's self to walk on. 'Twas well done.  
For fifteen hours our hundred kept at bay  
Ten thousand: one poor ship 'gainst fifty-three.  
The Spaniard proved that day our English pith.  
No new armada on our cliffs shall look  
While English valor echoes Grenville's fame.  
—All The Year Round.

## THE ARTIST-PRISONER.

HERE, in this vacant cell of mine,  
I picture and paint my Apennine.  
In spite of walls and gyvèd wrist,  
I gather my gold and amethyst.  
The muffled footsteps' ebb and swell,  
Immutable tramp of sentinel,  
The clenched lip, the gaze of doom,  
The hollow-resounding dungeon-gloom,  
All fade and cease, as, mass and line,  
I shadow the sweep of Apennine,  
And from my olive palette take  
The marvellous pigments, flake by flake.  
With azure, pearl, and silver white,  
The purple of bloom and malachite,

Ceiling, wall, and iron door,  
When the grim guard goes, I picture o'

E'en where his shadow falls athwart  
The sunlight of noon, I've a glory wrought

Have shaped the gloom and golden shine  
To image my gleaming Apennine.

No cruel Alpine heights are there,  
Dividing the depths of pallid air:

But sea-blue liftings, far and fine,  
With driftings of pearl and coralline;

And domes of marble, every one  
All ambered o'er by setting sun;—

Yes, marble realms, that clear and high,  
So float in the purple-azure sky.

We all have deemed them, o'er and o'er,  
Miraculous isles of madrepore;

Nor marvel made that hither floods  
Bore wonderful forms of hero-gods.

Oh! can you see, as spirit sees,  
Yon silvery sheen of olive-trees?

To me a sound of murmuring doves  
Comes wandering up from olive groves,

And lingers near me while I dwell  
On yonder fair field of asphodel,

Half-lost in sultry songs of bees,  
As, touching my chalice'd anemones,

I prank their leaves with dusty sheen  
So show where the golden bees have been.

On granite wall I paint the June  
With emerald grape and wild festoon,—

Its chestnut-trees with open palms  
Beseeching the sun for daily alms,—

In sloping valley, veiled with vines,  
A violet path beneath the pines,—

The way one goes to find old Rome,  
Its far away sign a purple dome.

But not for me the glittering shrine:  
I worship my God in the Apennine!

To all save those of artist eyes,  
The listeners to silent symphonies,

Only a cottage small is mine,  
With poppied pasture, sombre pine.

But they hear anthems, prayer, and bell,  
And sometimes they hear an organ swell;

They see what seems—so saintly fair—  
Madonna herself a-wandering there,

Bearing baby so divine  
They speak of the Child in Palestine!

Yet I, who threw my palette down  
To fight on the walls of yonder town,

Know them for wife and baby mine,  
As, weeping, I trace them, line by line,  
In the far-off glen of the Apennine!

—Atlantic Monthly.